

THE LIVING AGE.

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NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS TO CLERGYMEN.—Our text will be found on the front of several of the late Nos.; but we now ask our readers to apply it to a single class of persons. While the price of every article of food or clothing, and of all the necessaries of life (excepting *The Living Age*), has been increased, little or nothing has been done to raise proportionally the salaries of clergymen. They are obliged to lessen their comforts, in order to meet this pressure.

Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who "ministers to you in holy things," present him with mental food once a week, and *do not* give him *The Living Age* if there be any other work that will do him more good.

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AMONG THE SAND-HILLS.

FROM the ocean half a rood
To the sand-hills long and low
Ever and anon I go ;
Hide from me the gleaming flood,
Only listen to his flow.

To those billowy curls of sand
Little of delight is lent,—
As it were a yellow tent
Here and there by some wild hand
Pitched, and overgrown with bent ;

Some few buds, like golden beads,
Cut in stars on leaves that shine
Greenly, and a fragrance fine
Of the ocean's delicate weeds,
Of his foamed and silver wine.

But the place is music-haunted,
Let there blow what wind soever ;
Now as by a stately river
A monotonous requiem's chanted,
Now you hear great pine-woods shiver.

Frequent when the tides are low,
Creep for hours, sweet sleepy hums ;
But when in the spring-tide comes,
Then the silver trumpets blow,
And the waters beat like drums ;

And the Atlantic's roll full often,
Muffled by the sand-hills round,
Seems a mighty city a sound,
Which the night-time serves to soften,
By the waker's pillow drowned ;

Seems a salvo—state, or battle's—
Through the purple mountain gaps,
Heard by peasants ; or, perhaps,
Seems a wheel that rolls or rattles ;
Seems an eagle-wing that flaps ;

Seems a clap of thunder, caught
By the mountain pines, and tuned
To a marvellous gentle sound,
Wailings, where despair is not,
Quieting the heart's deep wound.

Still, what winds there blow soever,
Wet or shine, by sun or star,
When white horses plunge afar,
When the pallid froth-lines shiver,
When the waters quiet are,

On the sand-hills when waves boom,
Or with ripples scarce at all
Tumble, nor so much as crawl,
Ever do we know of whom
Cometh up the rise and fall.

Need is none to see the ships,
None to mark the mid-sea jet
Softening into violet,
While those old pre-Adamite lips
To the heaps beyond are set.

Ah ! we see not the great foam
That beyond us strangely rolls,
Whose white winged ships are souls,
Sailing from the port called Home,
When the signal bell, Death, tolls.

Ah ! we see no silver shimmer,
And we catch no hue divine,
Of the purpling hyaline,
From the heaving and the glimmer,
Life's sands bound us with their line.

But by sounds unearthly driven
Through life's sand-hills, we may be
Sure that a diviner sea
Floweth to our hearts from heaven,
Ebbeth to eternity.

W. A.

Boulogne.

—Spectator.

BLANK PAPER.

'Tis but a blank and worthless leaf ;
No writing there we find ;
'Tis only fit to be destroyed,
And scattered to the wind.

Yet pause awhile, and bring it near
Where the warm firelight glows ;
Look now—behold, by chemic art,
The writing slowly grows

Clear and distinct ; thus aye 'twill be
Exposed to heat and light ;
Removed from thence, and cold again,
It vanishes from sight.

Thus many a heart a blank appears,
Where hidden, unconfessed,
Unknown to all, God's writing there
Indelibly impressed,

Waits but the Spirit's heat and light,
In his good time revealed,
To show what wondrous power and love
Were for a while concealed.

—Chambers's Journal.

THE STAR AND THE CHILD.

A MAIDEN walked at eventide
Beside a clear and placid stream,
And smiled as in its depths she saw
A trembling star's reflected beam.

She smiled until the beam was lost,
As cross the sky a cloud was driven,
And then she sighed, and then forgot
The star was shining still in heaven.

A mother sat beside life's stream,
Watching a dying child at dawn,
And smiled, as in its eye she saw
A hope that it might still live on.

She smiled until the eyelids closed,
But watched for breath until the even ;
And then she wept, and then forgot
The child was living still in heaven.

From The Saturday Review.

DR. NEWMAN AND MR. KINGSLEY.

SINCE the days of Bentley and Boyle there has not appeared so lively a controversy as that contained in the piquant "Correspondence on the Question whether Dr. Newman teaches that Truth is no Virtue?" Nor is the resemblance confined to the mere artistic power and mastership of literary swordmanship which the victor displays. There is on either side enough to make the parallel sufficient. The shrewd, sound, logical precision of him who was once the leading mind of Oxford bears about the same relation to the ponderous thrust and accurate poise with which the old Master of Trinity delivered his weighty spear, as the helter-skelter dashing feint of Kingsley does to the hasty and flashy sciolism of the pet of Aldrich and Atterbury. In the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr. Kingsley, under the initials of C. K., and *apropos* of a review of Froude's "History of England," delivered himself of a very brilliant passage, directed, and not at all too strongly, against the corruption in religion and morals encouraged or instigated by certain papal dogmas current at the time of the Reformation. But, not content with a general remark on the low state of morality traceable to the doctrine of papal infallibility, Mr. Kingsley went on to fortify his argument by a particular illustration, and said,—

"So, again, of the virtue of truth. Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage."

Passing over the somewhat extravagant and certainly rather sweeping allegation that truth had never—that is, for sixteen hundred years—been admitted to be a virtue by, as it seems, any of the clergy who formed during that time the majority of the Christian world, and who were the only teachers of morality in the whole of European Christendom, here was a distinct and positive assertion. "Father Newman informs us that Truth need not, and on the whole ought not to be a virtue with the Roman clergy;" or, as the phrase is capable of being read, "Father

Newman informs us that Truth need not, and on the whole ought not to be a virtue," i.e., generally with anybody, with all Christians. And further, Father Newman informs us "that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least so." And then Mr. Kingsley proceeds to give, as an historical proof, the instance—a very pertinent one—of the Forged Decretals.

Upon this, and very immediately indeed upon this, the old lion rouses himself in his den. Somebody had addressed to Dr. Newman, at the Oratory, Birmingham, as early as the 30th of December, the January number of *Macmillan*, the above passage being duly pencilled. And, on the very same day, Dr. Newman writes a brief but very significant note to Messrs. Macmillan, not of complaint, nor of remonstrance, nor even requesting an answer, but simply wishing to "draw the attention of Messrs. Macmillan, as gentlemen, to a grave and gratuitous slander, with which I (Dr. Newman) feel confident you will be sorry to find associated a name so eminent as yours." To this note Mr. Kingsley replies in a letter to Dr. Newman, avowing the article, and specifying, as "the document to which he expressly referred, the sermon entitled, 'Wisdom and Innocence,' from Sermons on 'Subjects of the Day,' published in 1844." Dr. Newman's reply is not much more than a simple acknowledgment; but it concludes with a very piercing sting. The article was signed C. K.; but, says Dr. Newman, "when I wrote to Mr. Macmillan, no person whatever whom I had seen or heard of occurred to me as the author of the statement in question. When I received your letter taking upon yourself the authorship, I was amazed." Here steps in a mysterious personage, X. Y., Esq., "a gentleman who interposed between Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Newman," as Dr. Newman informs us. Who invoked his interposition does not appear, nor when or why he interfered at all. X. Y. is, we suppose, a friend of Mr. Kingsley, for it comes out incidentally that he "confesses plainly that he had read the passage, and did not even think that I (Dr. Newman) or any of my communion would think it unjust." X. Y., however, must have

consulted either by Mr. Kingsley or Mr. Macmillan very shortly after Dr. Newman's first letter of December 30; for X. Y. writes to Dr. Newman on January 5, and Mr. Kingsley's letter admitting the authorship is dated January 6. To Mr. Kingsley Dr. Newman replies, as we have said, curtly on the 7th, but on the 8th he delivers himself at full to X. Y. The substance of it is this: "Who the writer was had never crossed my mind; had any one said it was Mr. Kingsley, I should have laughed in his face. The initials I saw; but I live out of the world; and if Messrs. Macmillan will not think the confession rude, I never saw the outside of their magazine before. I seldom notice personal attacks; there is a call upon me to answer this, especially as you, an educated man, breathing English air and walking in the light of the nineteenth century, think that neither I nor any of my communion feel any difficulty in allowing that 'Truth for its own sake need not, and on the whole ought not to be' a virtue with the Roman clergy. . . . For a writer to go out of his way to have a fling at an unpopular name, living but 'down,' and boldly to say to those who know no better, who do not know me—to say of me, 'Father Newman informs us that Truth, etc.,' and to be thus brilliant and antithetical in the very cause of Truth, is a proceeding of so special a nature as to lead me to exclaim, 'O Truth, how many lies are told in thy name.' . . . I ask for no explanation—that concerns the author and editor. If they set about proving their point, or, should they find that impossible, if they say so, in either case I shall call them *men*. But if they only propose to say that I have 'complained,' and that 'they yield to my explanations,' or 'that they are quite ready to be convinced if I will convince them,' and so on . . . that is, if they ignore the fact that the *onus probandi* of a very definite accusation lies upon them—then, I say, they had better let it all alone."

Thus warned, Mr. Kingsley falls into the meshes which had been spread around every avenue of retreat. On the 14th of January, after having seen Dr. Newman's letter of the 8th of January to X. Y., Mr. Kingsley replies: "As the tone of your letters (even those than their language) make me feel"
 Mr. Kingsley had not written in a hurry (if Mr. Kingsley probably have written grammatically he would.

cally and said "makes") "that my opinion of the meaning of your words was a mistaken one, I shall send at once to Macmillan's Magazine a few lines, which I enclose." In reply, Dr. Newman observes upon these "few lines:" "I gravely disapprove of the letter as a whole, and the grounds of this dissatisfaction will be best understood if I place in parallel columns its paragraphs and what I conceive will be the popular reading of them:—

Mr. Kingsley's [proposed] Letter [to Macmillan's Magazine].

1. Sir,—In your last number I made certain allegations against the teaching of the Rev. Dr. Newman, which were founded on a Sermon of his, entitled "Wisdom and Innocence," preached by him as Vicar of St. Mary, and published in 1844.

2. Dr. Newman has, by letter, expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words.

3. No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman; no man, therefore, has a better right to define what he does, or does not, mean by them.

4. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him, and my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of truth, in this or any other matter.

Unjust, but too probable, popular rendering of it.

2. I have set before Dr. Newman, as he challenged me to do, extracts from his writings, and he has affixed to them what he conceives to be their legitimate sense, to the denial of that in which I understood them.

3. He has done this with the skill of a great master of verbal fence, who knows, as well as any man living, how to insinuate a doctrine without committing himself to it.

4. However, while I heartily regret that I have so seriously mistaken the sense which he assures me his words were meant to bear, I cannot but feel a hearty pleasure also, at having brought him, for once in a way, to confess that after all truth is a Christian virtue."

Mr. Kingsley, upon the receipt of this letter, withdrew two of the paragraphs, and published his explanation in the following terms (*Macmillan's Magazine*, February, 1864):—

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine:—

SIR,—In your last number I made certain allegations against the teaching of Dr. John

Henry Newman, which I thought were justified by a sermon of his, entitled "Wisdom and Innocence" (Sermon 20 of "Sermons bearing on subjects of the Day"). Dr. Newman has by letter expressed, in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him.

Yours faithfully,

Eversley, January 14, 1864.

(Signed)

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Dr. Newman, however, was not satisfied. He writes to Messrs. Macmillan:—

"Mr. Kingsley did not remove that portion of his letter to which lay my main objection. My objection to the sentence—

"Dr. Newman has, by letter, expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words"—

"I thus explained:—

"Its main fault is, that, quite contrary to your intention, it will be understood by the general reader to intimate that I have been confronted with definite extracts from my works, and have laid before you my own interpretation of them. Such a proceeding I have indeed challenged, and have not been so fortunate as to bring about."

"In answer to this representation, Mr. Kingsley wrote to me as follows:—

"It seems to me, that, by referring publicly to the sermon, on which my allegations are founded, I have given, not only you, but every one an opportunity of judging of their injustice. Having done this, and having frankly accepted your assertion that I was mistaken, I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another."

"I bring the matter before you, without requiring from you any reply."

The conclusion of the whole matter is contained in Dr. Newman's reflections on the above, which, as a mere piece of effective writing, is too good to be abridged:—

"Reflections on the above.

"I shall attempt a brief analysis of the foregoing correspondence; and I trust that the wording which I shall adopt will not offend against the gravity due both to myself and to the occasion. It is impossible to do justice to the course of thought evolved in it without some familiarity of expression.

"Mr. Kingsley begins them by exclaiming, 'Oh, the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it. There's Father Newman to wit; one living specimen is worth a

hundred dead ones. He, a priest writing of Priests, tells us that lying is never any harm.'

"I interposed: 'You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where.'

"Mr. Kingsley replies: 'You said it, Reverend Sir, in a sermon which you preached, when a Protestant, as Vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844; and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that sermon had at the time on my opinion of you.'

"I made answer; 'Oh . . . Not, it seems, as a priest speaking of priests;—but let us have the passage.'

"Mr. Kingsley relaxes: 'Do you know I like your tone. From your tone I rejoice, greatly rejoice, to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said.'

"I rejoin: 'Mean it! I maintain I never said it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic.'

"Mr. Kingsley replies: 'I waive that point.'

"I object: 'Is it possible! What? waive the main question! I either said it, or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me; direct, distinct, public. You are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly;—or to own you can't.'

"Well,' says Mr. Kingsley, 'if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it; I really will.'

"My word! I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my word that happened to be on trial. The word of a professor of lying, that he does not lie!

"But Mr. Kingsley reassures me: 'We are both gentlemen,' he says; 'I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another.'

"I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all, it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said. 'Habemus confidentem reum.'

"So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott! 'I left Baby Charles and Steenie laying his duty before him,' says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno: 'O Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence.'

"While I feel then that Mr. Kingsley's February explanation is miserably insufficient in itself for his January enormity, still I feel also that the correspondence, which lies between these two acts of his, constitutes a real satisfaction to those principles of historical

and literary justice to which he has given so rude a shock.

"Accordingly, I have put it into print, and make no further criticism on Mr. Kingsley.

"J. H. N."

Of course there is a ludicrous side to this little passage of arms, if fight that can be called *ubi tu pulsas ego vapulo tantum*. The notion of a conflict between Dr. Newman and Mr. Charles Kingsley is only funny. But it illustrates the two men. Mr. Kingsley's habit of mind is a very unfortunate one for a serious investigator of truth. He is only deficient in the accomplishments of accuracy and gravity. To weigh his words is not so important as to calculate their force. Lively, impetuous, vigorous, hasty, too quick in forming judgments, and too vehement in expressing them, he is a brilliant partisan, but a very unsafe teacher. It is not that he would intentionally disregard truth, but he is so anxious to get at a conclusion, and so very heedless in impressing his conclusions strongly upon others, that he is apt to be careless in investigating the grounds of what ought to be his judgments, but which are his prejudices. He is the most sensational writer of history who ever disdained the labor of reading. We think that, substantially, what he really meant to say about the Roman Church was right, and that even what he meant to say about a certain aspect of Dr. Newman's teaching in a particular sermon had some justification; but then what he meant to say was what he did not say. What he did say about Dr. Newman is entirely unjustifiable, inaccurate, and indeed untrue; and he had much better have said so. Dr. Newman simply pins him to definite words, confines him to the record, holds him in a hard, biting, grammatical, and logical vice. And there is an end of what Mr. Kingsley did say. A Professor of History, criticising a work of history, is bound to speak strictly or to hold his tongue. Mr. Kingsley uttered very nearly as many inaccuracies, and indeed positive misstatements—Dr. Newman gives them a plainer name—as words in his now famous sentence, "Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is

given in marriage." In fact, Father Newman never wrote the sermon on Wisdom and Innocence at all. It was not Father Newman, but Mr. Newman, an Anglican vicar, who preached and published it. Next, the word "Truth" only occurs once in the sermon at all, and quite in another connection, when the preacher observes that "the truth has in itself the gift of spreading without instruments." Neither does the sermon contain one single word about the moral obligations of the clergy, whether Roman, Greek, or Anglican. Neither of the words "Roman" or "Clergy" occurs in the whole sermon. Nor is there any discussion whatever about truth or its claims, general or partial, seeing that truth is not named in the sermon. Nor again does Dr. Newman inform us that "cunning is the weapon given to the saints," seeing that he says "Christians were allowed the arms—that is, the arts—of the defenceless. Even the inferior animals will teach us how the Creator has compensated to the weak their want of strength by giving them other qualities which may avail with the strong. They have the gift of fleetness . . . or some natural cunning which enables them to elude their enemies. . . . Brute force is countervailed by flight, brute passion by prudence and artifice." And then he goes on to argue from this illustration, as his text suggested: "The servants of Christ are forbidden to defend themselves by violence, but they are not forbidden other means. For instance, *fore-sight*. . . *avoidance*. . . *prudence and skill*, as in the text, 'Be ye wise as serpents.'" And, lastly, as to the somewhat offensive language attributed to Dr. Newman—"cunning is given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage"—there is not one single word in the sermon, from end to end, about males or marriage or giving in marriage. The explanation of the whole matter is this: Mr. Kingsley had some vague and indistinct recollections of a sermon of Mr. Newman's which, when he read it, made a great impression upon him—an impression so deep that it "shook off the strong influence which Dr. Newman's writings had excited in him," and which sermon seemed to Mr. Kingsley's mind to convey a sort of apology for unmanliness and unstraightforwardness, and to suggest a theory and Christian philosophy of slyness and artifice and in-

sincerity. If Mr. Kingsley had said this, he would have been perfectly justified in saying it; but what he was not justified morally in doing was deliberately to assign to Dr. Newman express language and plain words which Dr. Newman never used, without any reference or quotation. And what he was not justified merely as a literary man in doing was to imagine for a moment that Dr. Newman—of all men in the world, so consummate a master of language, so subtle, so indirect and suggestive, so pregnant with qualifications, so refined, and so judicious, not to say so crafty, in statement—should ever deliver himself of such a coarse, vulgar, stupid saying as, "Truth need not, and on the whole ought not, to be a virtue," and "cunning is the virtue which Heaven has given to the saints to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world."

But, after all, the interesting and important question remains: What was it that Mr. John Henry Newman really did teach in his sermon, "Wisdom and Innocence"? Does it contain anything which would justify Mr. Kingsley or anybody else in drawing from it, as the fair and natural or even probable sense, something like his interpretation of its purpose and meaning? What is the general drift of this very remarkable sermon—or, in other words, what is, on this point, the broad scope of Mr. Newman's ethical teaching? To discuss these questions in this place would be impossible, were it proper; but a line or two of thought may be indicated.

There are two classes of minds which never can be brought to understand each other, and Dr. Newman and Mr. Kingsley represent to some extent either type. The one is the impetuous, thoughtless, unscientific man, whose conclusions are often right, but who is singularly unpractical, impatient, honest, but useless. He gets hold of a great broad, moral truth, and, careless of distinctions, limitations, and qualifications, tries, or thinks that he tries, to hold to it, come what may of consequences. He is the consistent man—the man who always says what he thinks, and thinks it a duty never to hold his tongue—who tells you *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*—who, if he sees truth, right, duty, and honesty, follows truth, right, duty, and honesty, as he says, at all costs. He does not believe that prudence is a virtue at all; he scorns the very notion of management; he cannot believe it

to be right ever to furl all sails and lie to till the tyranny be overpast. This character is a high ideal; its only defect is that it generally ends in disastrous failure. The other character is that of wisdom, prudence, and far-sightedness, of skill and management, and what looks very like intrigue. It accepts the world, and tries to make the best of it. It affects compromises, weighs consequences, calculates chances, makes the best of a bad bargain, trims, thinks that a retreat has its value, and that nothing is worse than a crushing defeat. In morals, such a man believes in the duty of balancing conflicting motives, giving up one apparent good in favor of another apparent good which has a slight, and perhaps only an apparent, preponderance. The one is said to be the political mind, the other the moral mind—a foolish distinction, since politics is only the highest form of ethics. The two minds cannot do justice to each other. The politician thinks the moralist to be generally a fool; the moralist retorts by his conviction that the politician must be a knave. If it is a matter of regret that the idealist in practice seldom reaches his own lofty standard, it must be admitted that the practical man of the world generally acts in advance of his looser code of moral obligations.

Now, Dr. Newman's is eminently the political mind; or at least he recognizes it, and tries to do it justice. He wants to see whether there is in the gospel morality that eternal opposition between plain sailing and tacking which is said to exist—whether eternal morality is compatible with prudence, discretion, and the political mind. Undoubtedly, the question is worth raising, for it is one of the most serious things to settle whether, for example, the economical and commercial and practical virtues of modern times are totally irreconcilable with Christian ethics. If they are irreconcilable,—and the language of most preachers, when they discuss what they would call "the world," would tend to this conclusion,—then it is quite plain that the whole framework and most of the motives of society are absolutely anti-Christian. This, less expanded of course, is the problem to which Dr. Newman addresses himself. He sees, or thinks he sees, in the Bible, indications of the obligation of such a duty as prudence, and that it is distinctly recognized as a Christian virtue, and that somehow or other it is indicated by the combination of the wisdom of the serpent

and the innocence of the dove. How far Dr. Newman succeeds in his argument is not the present question. Whether some of his illustrations are not unfortunate, whether in the sermon he introduces sufficient safeguards in a very subtle discussion, or whether he may not be justly chargeable with at least an apparent apology for all the ecclesiastical chicanes and fraud and double-dealing of which he admits the existence, we shall not pronounce. It is quite enough to believe that the very discussion of such a subject would be repulsive to an impetuous character like Mr. Kingsley's. From his cast of thought, and habitual precipitancy and looseness of judgment, he is disqualified from doing justice to a question of this nature. The very thought of it sweeps away such little calmness as he possesses. We repeat, there is no wonder that two such minds fail to understand each other. And, by way of illustration, there is at the present moment a case in the ecclesiastical world which is much to the point. The promoters of the prosecution against "Essays and Reviews" could have no sympathy with that serpentine wisdom which would have counselled inaction; and, on the other hand, the event has proved that bringing an old house about your ears can be managed by the most dovelike innocence and dovelike weakness of judgment. So, again, in the present political crisis, the honest people who cry out for an immediate and active

interference on behalf of little Denmark have not a word to say for politicians and statesmen except that the whole thing is sheer cowardice and immorality.

Let us add a word on the main question as to the wise and artificial temper which Mr. Newman finds inculcated in the Bible. That the combination is possible, Dr. Newman himself presents at least an approximating proof. Perhaps the actual compatibility of the serpent with the dove is not a matter of choice in his own case. But, unconsciously it may be, he somehow does seem to illustrate the great original he draws. Were it necessary to show what prudent simplicity really is, and to point to the serpentine and columbine natures united in actual life, one might fancy them impersonated in some grave recluse, brooding turtle-like for the most part in serene solitude and peaceful nest, apart from the world, uninterested in its petty wrangles, careless—perhaps, as he humbly suggests, careless "from indolence"—of attacks on himself and on his own co-religionists, especially if they were such as it were inconvenient to meet; but springing out now and then with the lithe and supple crash of the serpent, erect, defiant, and pitiless, and hissing with scorn, when the hour of vengeance arrived and a helpless victim were within reach of his cruel fangs.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING PARLIAMENTARY FIREWORKS (*a la* DISRAELI).

Would you know what the stuff is made of
That's used by the undertaker
Of the unsavory trade of
Opposition firework-maker?

Mix inferences and fictions,
With imputations enough;
Add sarcasms and contradictions—
You needn't mind weighing the stuff.

Steel-filings epigrammatic
And salt for burning blue—
The best, if you have it, 's Attie;
But any salt will do.

Any paper a case will make,
And any stick a handle;
E'en a Farrand fact you may take,
Or a Hennessy Roman-sandal.

If you'd damp the stuff in your mortar—
Wet powder smokes more than dry—
Abundance of cold water,
Your party will supply.

Take a lucifer out of your pocket,
Set a light to your firework quick,
It will go up like a rocket,
And come down like the stick.

If the House of Commons admire works
Of this kind, they'll not charm less,
Since such parliamentary fireworks
Are warranted perfectly harmless.

'Twas Darby the fireworks displayed
In the days when Vauxhall was busy;
But now he's turned over the trade,
And his successor is Dizzy.

—Punch.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAMILY AT THE CHASE.

IN consequence of the circumstances of the family history narrated in the preceding chapter, Margaret Lindisfarn was about to return to the home of her ancestors in the recognized position of co-heiress to the family estates,—a sufficiently brilliant destiny, considering that the property was a good and well-paid four thousand a year, unencumbered by mortgage, debt, or other claims of any sort. Had those circumstances not occurred,—had Julian Lindisfarn been still living,—Margaret's position, instead of being a brighter one than that of her sister, as it had appeared to be at the time when she had been adopted by the De Renneville's, and Kate had only her godmother's six thousand pounds to look to, would have now been a far less splendid one. For shortly before the time at which she was returning from Paris to Silverton, all the magnificent De Renneville prospects had suddenly made themselves wings and flown away.

The large fortune of the Baron de Renneville had been, like that of many another Frenchman bearing a name indicative of former territorial greatness, entirely a financial and not a territorial one. And that incapacity for leaving well alone, which is generated by the habitual excitement of a life spent in speculation, and which has wrecked so many a colossal fabric of commercial greatness, was fatal to that of M. de Renneville. A series of unfortunate operations on the Paris *Bourse* had ended by leaving him an utterly ruined man. And there was an end of all expectations from Margaret's Parisian relatives.

Of course the shock of this calamity was very differently felt from what it would have been, had it occurred during the lifetime of Julian Lindisfarn. It was very materially modified to the young lady herself, and doubtless also to the kind relatives who had stood in the position of parents to her from her infancy, by the knowledge that there was a very substantial English inheritance to fall back on, now that the more splendid but less secure French visions had faded away. Nevertheless, the calamity had been felt very distinctly to be a calamity by Margaret. In the first place, she was, of course, laudably grieved to be obliged to part with those who had been as parents to her. In the next place, she very naturally looked forward with anything but

pleasure to a migration from Paris to Silverton, and from the home of an adoptive father and mother, whom she knew, to that of a real father of whom she knew nothing. And in the third place, she estimated with very practical accuracy the difference between an heiress-ship to some six or seven thousand a year, and an heiress-ship to two thousand only. For somehow or other it happens, that this is a point on which the most beautifully *candide* French girls are generally found to possess a singularly sound and business-like knowledge. We are all aware how cautiously and scrupulously the French system of educating *demoiselles comme il faut* labors to fence in the snow-like mental purity of its pupils from all such contact or acquaintance with the world as might involve the slightest risk of producing a thought or a sentiment which might by possibility lead to something calculated to blemish the perfection of that *ingénuité*, which is so eloquently expressed by every well-schooled feature of these carefully trained and jealously guarded maidens. Nevertheless, a due appreciation of the intimate connection between cash and social position is not among the tabooed subjects of any French female schoolroom, whether it be under the paternal roof or that of some *Sacré Cœur*, or other such first-rate conventual establishment.

For various reasons, therefore, it was a black day for poor Margaret when she had to leave her Parisian home for an exile *au fond du province*, as she expressed it, in foggy England. "At the bottom of the province," Silverton certainly was, if the top of it is to be supposed to be the part nearest London. But the Silvertonians had no notion that the "sun yoked his horses so fat from" their western city as to justify the sort of idea which Margaret had formed to herself of its remoteness. And least of all had the warm hearts who on that bright September afternoon were expecting the arrival of the recovered daughter of the house at Lindisfarn Chase the remotest idea that the home to which they were eager to welcome her was other than on the whole about the happiest and most highly favored spot of earth's surface.

Kate was, as Lady Farnleigh had promised her she should be, in very good time to join the assembled members of the family before the hour at which Margaret was expected.

They were all in the long low drawing-room, lined with white panelling somewhat yellow with years, and gilt mouldings, the four windows of which looked out on the terrace in front of the house. It was very evident, at a glance, that something out of the ordinary routine of the family life was about to take place. None of those there assembled would have been in the room at that hour in the ordinary course of things. And there was an unmistakable air of expectancy, and even of a certain degree of nervousness, about them all. The old squire had caused an immense fire to be made in the ample grate; and was very evidently suffering from the effects of it. It was a beautifully warm afternoon; but the squire had an idea that his daughter was coming from a southern clime where it was always very hot,—and besides, the making of a big fire seemed to his imagination to be in some sort symbolical of welcome. He was walking up and down the long room, looking out of the windows, as he passed them, wiping his massive broad forehead and florid face with his silk handkerchief, and consulting his watch every two minutes. He was dressed in a blue coat with metal buttons, yellow kerseymer waistcoat, drab breeches, top-boots, and a white neckcloth. His head was bald in front, and the long locks of silver hair hung over his coat-collar behind. It is worth while to specify these particulars of his toilet, for he never appeared otherwise before dinner.

"I am glad you are come, Kate; I began to think you would have been late! And I should not have been pleased at that. I suppose her ladyship would not come in to-day?"

"No. She thought she had better not to-day; I took good care about the time. It's not near two yet."

"It wants thirteen minutes," said the squire, again looking at his watch: "she can hardly be here before two. Go and listen if you can hear wheels, Mat; you have an ear like a hare."

The "Mat" thus addressed was to every other human being in Sillshire, from the Earl of Silverton at Sillhead Park to the hostlers at the Lindisfarn Arms, Mr. Mat. It would have altogether discomposed him to address him as Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn; but he would not have liked anybody save the squire to call him plain "Mat." He was

Mr. Mat; and only recognized himself under that name and title. Mr. Mat was a second cousin of the squire; and had been received into the house by the squire's father, when he had been left an orphan at twelve years old, wholly unprovided for. Since that time he had lived, boy and man, at Lindisfarn Chase; and was considered by himself and by everybody else, as much and as inseparably a part of the place as the old elms and the rocks in them. He was about ten years the squire's junior, that is to say he was about fifty at the time of which I am speaking. Mr. Mat, looked at from one point of view, was a very good-for-nothing sort of fellow; but looked at from another, he was good for a great many things, and by no means valueless in his place in the world. He was essentially good-for-nothing at the prime and generally absolutely paramount business of earning his own living. If kind fate had not popped him into the special niche which suited him so well, he must have starved or lived in the poorhouse. He was perfectly well fitted, as far as knowledge went, to be a game-keeper, and a first-rate one. But he never would have kept to his duties. The very fact that they were his duties, and the means of earning his bread, would have made them distasteful to him. Not that Mr. Mat was a lazy, or in some sort even an idle, man. He was capable of great exertion upon occasions. But then the occasions must be irregular ones. His good qualities again were many. He was the best farrier and veterinary surgeon in the country side though totally without any science on the subject. He had a fine bass voice, a good ear, and sung a good song, or took a part in a glee in a first-rate style. He was a main support, accordingly, of the Silverton Glee-club, of which the Rev. Minor Canon Thorburn was president. But unlike that reverend votary of Apollo, Mr. Mat, though he liked his glass, was as sober as a judge. Mr. Mat, though perfectly able to speak quite correct and unprovincial English, when he saw fit to do so, was apt to affect the Sillshire dialect, to a certain degree; and if there chanced to be any person present whom Mr. Mat suspected of finery or London-bred airs, he was sure to infuse a double dose of his beloved provincial Doric into his speech. He had a special grudge against any Sillshire man whom he suspected of being ashamed of his own country dialect. And

Freddy Falconer was the object of his strong dislike mainly on this ground; and the butt of many a shaft from Mr. Mat purposely aimed at this weakness. Often and often when Mr. Fred was doing the superfine, especially before ladies or Londoners, Mr. Mat would come across him with a "We Zillshire volk, muster Vreddy!" to that elegant young gentleman's intense disgust. There was accordingly but little love lost between him and Mr. Mat. And upon one occasion Freddy had attempted to come over Mr. Mat by doing the distant and dignified, and calling him Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn; but he brought down upon himself such a roasting on every occasion when he and Mr. Mat met for the next month afterwards that he was fain not to repeat the offence. Kate, who was a prime favorite with Mr. Mat, and who could hardly do wrong in his eyes, had once ventured to remonstrate with him on these provincial proclivities, upon which he had at once avowed and justified his partiality.

"To think," he said, "of a Lindisfarn lass" — (he always spoke of the young ladies of the family, whether of the present or of former generations, as Lindisfarn lasses;) — "to think of a Lindisfarn lass having no ear vor Zillshire! Vor my part, I zem to taste all the pleasant time I've known, Zillshire man and boy for vity years in the sound of it, and I du love it. I zem it's so homely and friendly-like. And, Miss Kate, yew du love it yourself, yew don't talk like their vulgar London minced-up gibberish."

Mr. Mat in appearance was a great contrast to the squire. He was a shorter and smaller man, though by no means undersized. The squire was six feet one, and broad in proportion. Mr. Mat's head was as black as the squire's was white, and whereas the latter allowed his silver locks to fall almost on his shoulders, Mr. Mat cropped his coal-black hair so short that it stood up bristling like a scrubbing-brush. He had a specially bright black eye under a large and bushy black eyebrow; a remarkably brilliant set of regular teeth; and would probably have been a decidedly good-looking man, if he had not been deeply marked with the small-pox. As it was, it must be admitted that Mr. Mat was far from good-looking. Yet there was a mingled shrewdness and kindly good-humor in his face that made it decidedly an agreeable one to those who knew him; and few ever

found Mr. Mat's ugliness repulsive after a week's acquaintance. His dress, like that of the squire, never varied. Before dinner he always wore a green coat with metal buttons, bearing on them a fox's head, or some such adornment, a scarlet cloth waistcoat, a colored neckerchief, drab breeches and long buff leather gaiters. At dinner, Mr. Mat always appeared in black coat and trousers, white waistcoat and neck-cloth; and, curiously enough, — unless Fred Falconer led him specially into temptation, — with perfectly correct and unprovincial English.

There was one other member of the family party present, who, though the reader has already heard of her, merits being presented to him a little more formally. This was Miss Imogene Lindisfarn. She was, to a yet greater degree than Mr. Mat, an inseparable part and parcel of the Lindisfarn establishment. She was, at the time in question, in her seventy-eighth year, and was the squire's aunt. As long as he could recollect, — and much longer, therefore, than anybody else about the place, except old Brian Wyvill, the keeper, a brother of the verger at the cathedral, could recollect — Miss Imogene had kept the keys, made the tea for breakfast, and superintended the female part of the establishment. She was rather short, and still hale, active, and as upright as a ramrod. She always wore a rich lavender-colored silk dress, which as she walked rustled an accompaniment to the pit-a-pat of her high-heeled shoes. A spotless white crape cap, and equally spotless cambric handkerchief, pinned cornerwise over her shoulders, completed her attire. A very slight touch of palsy gave a little vibratory motion to her head, which seemed, when she was laying down the law, as on domestic matters she was rather apt to do, to impart a sort of defiant expression to her bearing. She never appeared without a little basket full of keys in her hand, and the perpetual never-changed volume of *Clarissa Harlow*, already mentioned. She was the only member of the family who addressed the squire as "Mr. Lindisfarn." Mr. Mat always called him "squire;" and Kate, somewhat irreverently, but to her father's great delight, was wont to call him "Noll." As for Miss Imogene, she had never been called anything but "Miss Immy" by any human being for the last sixty years.

Miss Immy had cake and wine, and a most delicately cut plate of sandwiches, on a tray

near at hand, prepared ready to be administered to the traveller on the instant of her arrival. She had also a reserve of tea and exquisite Sillshire cream, in case that kind of refreshment should be preferred; and she had thrice, in the last quarter of an hour, ascertained by personal inspection that the kettle was boiling. Miss Immy had meditated much on the question what kind of refecton would probably be most in accordance with the habits of the Parisian-bred stranger; and she had brought all that she could remember to have ever heard on the subject of French modes of life to bear on the subject. But *soupe maigre* and frogs were the only things that had presented themselves to her mind as adapted by any special propriety for the occasion, and as both these were for different reasons out of her reach, she had been forced to fall back on English ideas. But she was not without uncomfortable misgivings that very possibly the foreign-bred young lady might have requirements of some wholly unexpected and unimagined kind.

It was evident, indeed, that they were all a little nervous in their different ways; and very naturally so. Mr. Mat was least troubled by any feeling of the kind; being saved from it by the entirety of his conviction that no human being could do otherwise than better their condition and increase their happiness, by coming from any other part of the world to Sillshire.

At length, Mr. Mat cried, "Hark! There is the carriage! Yes, there it is. They've just passed the lodge." And all of them hurried out to the porch in the centre of the terrace in front of the house, where they were joined by three or four fine dogs, all proving their participation in the excitement of the moment by barking vociferously. Old Brian Wyvill, the octogenarian keeper, came hobbling up after them. Mr. Banting, the old butler, followed by a couple of rustics still struggling with the scarcely completed operation of getting their arms into their old-fashioned liveries, came running out at the door. Coachman and groom had gone with the carriage to meet Miss Margaret at Silvertown, and were now coming up the drive from the lodge. The female portion of the establishment had assembled just inside the hall-door, grouping themselves in attitudes which suggested a strong contest in their minds between curiosity and fear, and readiness to take to flight

at the shortest notice, on the first appearance of danger.

Crunch went the gravel! Pit-a-pat went most of the hearts there at a somewhat accelerated pace! The dogs barked more furiously than ever. The rooks began flying in circles around their ancient city up in the elm-clump on the left side of the house, and holding a very tumultuous meeting to inquire into the nature of the unusual circumstances taking place beneath them. The squire hallooed to the dogs to be quiet, in a great mellow, musical voice, producing a larger volume of sound than all the rest of the noises put together. The peacocks on the wall of the garden behind the elm-clump, stimulated by emulation, screamed their utmost. And in the midst of all this uproar, Thomas Tibbs, the coachman, pulled up his horses exactly at the door, with a profound consciousness that Paris could do no better in *that* department at all events.

CHAPTER V.

MARGARET'S FIRST DAY AT HOME.

In the next instant, half a dozen eager hands had pulled open the carriage-door; and an exceedingly elegant and admirably dressed figure sprang from it, and with one bound, as it seemed, executed with such marvellous skill that the process involved no awkward movement, and no derangement of the elegant costume, threw itself on its knees at the feet of the astonished squire.

"*Mon père!*" cried Miss Margaret, in an accent so admirably fitted for the occasion that it seemed to include an exhaustive exposition of all the sentiments that a *jeune personne bien élevée* might, could, should, would, and ought to feel on returning after long absence to the parental roof.

Her attitude was admirable. The heavy folds of her rich silk dress fell down behind, sloping out on the stone step as artistically as if they had been arranged by skilful hands after her position had been assumed. Her clasped hands were raised toward the squire's face with an expression that would have arrested the fall of the axe in the hands of an executioner. And her upturned head showed to all present a very beautiful face, in which the most striking feature, as it was then seen, was a magnificent pair of large, dark, liquid eyes.

"My dear child!" cried the squire in a stentorian voice, that made the fair girl at

his feet start just a little—but she recovered herself instantly)—“My dear child! Glad to see thee! Welcome to Lindisfarn. Welcome home, lass!” he continued, evidently desirous of getting her up, if possible, but much puzzled about the proper way of handling her, if indeed there were any proper way.

“*Mon père!*” reiterated his daughter, with a yet more heart-rending filial intonation on the word.

Old Brian Wyvill was affected by it (like the audience recorded as having been melted to tears by a great tragedian’s pronunciation of the word “Mesopotamia”), and drew the back of his rough hand across his eyes. The lady’s-maid whispered to the housekeeper that it was “beautiful!” But Miss Immy, greatly startled, trotted up to the still kneeling young lady, with that peculiar little short-stepping amble of hers, holding a bottle of salts in her tremulous hand, which she poked under Margaret’s nose, saying, as she did so, “Poor thing, the journey! It has been too much for her!”

Margaret winked and caught her breath, and the tears came into her fine eyes. Human nature could not have done less, with Miss Immy’s salts under her nose; but she did not belie her training, and showed herself equal to the occasion.

“*De grâce, madame!*” she said, putting aside Miss Immy’s bottle with one exquisitely gloved hand. “It is my father I see!” she added, with a very slight foreign accent.

“To be zure, Miss Margy!” struck in Mr. Mat. “To be zure it’s your vather! And he wouldn’t hurt ye on any account. Don’t you be afraid of the squire. He has no more vice in him than a lamb!”

“Don’t be a fool, Mat! My girl afraid of me!” shouted the squire.

“My opinion is, the lass is frightened!” returned Mr. Mat, in an undertone to the squire, looking at Margaret shrewdly as he spoke, with the sort of observant look with which he would have examined a sick animal. “Mayhap,” he continued in the same aside tone, “it’s the dogs. I’ll take ’em off.”

“I’m right glad to hear you speak English, and speak it very well too, my dear. I was beginning to be afraid you could speak nothing but French,” said the squire.

“Oh, yes, sir,” said his daughter. She

had now risen to her feet, rather disappointed that her father had not raised her from the ground, and pressed her to his bosom, as he probably would have done if he had not been too much afraid of injuring her toilet.—“Oh, yes, sir, thanks to my kind instructors, I have cultivated my native language.”

“That’s a comfort,” said the squire; “for I am ashamed to say that I have cultivated no other! But Kate there, and Lady Farnleigh, will talk to you in French as long as you like.”

Upon this, Kate, who had hitherto hung back, looking on the scene which has been described with a sort of dismayed surprise, that had the effect of making her feel all of a sudden shy toward her sister, came forward, and putting her arm round Margaret’s waist, gave her a kiss, saying as she did so, “Shall we go in, dear? You must be tired. And Miss Immy will not be contented till you have had something to eat and drink.”

“*Ma sœur!*” exclaimed the new-comer; again compressing into that word a whole homily for the benefit of the bystanders on all the beauty and sanctity of that sweet relationship, and returning Kate’s kiss first on one cheek and then on the other.

And then they all went into the drawing-room, the two sisters walking with their arms round each other’s waists.

They were singularly alike, and yet singularly contrasted, those twin Lindisfarn lasses,—to use Mr. Mat’s mode of speech. Kate was a little the taller of the two; a very little; but till one saw the sisters side by side, as they were then walking across the hall to the drawing-room, the difference of height in Kate’s favor might have been supposed to be greater than it really was. Both had a magnificent abundance of that dark, chestnut hair, the rich brown gloss of which really does imitate the color of a ripe horse-chestnut fresh from its husk. But Kate wore hers in large heavy curls on either side of her face and neck, while Margaret’s was arranged in exquisitely neat bands bound closely round the small and classically shaped head. Both had fine eyes; but with respect to that difficultly described feature, it was much less easy to say in what the two sisters differed, and in what they were alike, than in the more simple matter of the hair. At first sight one was inclined to say that the eyes were totally different in the two. Then

a closer examination convinced the observer that in both girls they were large, well-opened, and marked by that specially limpid appearance which suggests the same idea of great depth which is given by an unruffled and perfectly pellucid pool of still water. In both girls they were of that beautiful brown color, which is so frequently found in conjunction with the above-noted appearance. And yet, notwithstanding all these points of similarity, the eyes of the two sisters,—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the expression of them,—were remarkably different. Those who saw them both, when no particular emotion was affecting the expression of their features, would have said that Margaret's eyes were the more tender and loving. But those who knew Kate well would have said, "Wait till the eyes have some special message of tenderness from the heart, and then look at them." Kate's eyes were the more mobile and changeful in expression; Margaret's, the more languishing. There was perhaps more of intellect in the former, more of sentiment in the latter. In complexion the difference was most complete and decided. Kate's complexion was a brilliant one. Though the skin was as perfectly transparent as the purest crystal, and even the most transient emotion betrayed itself in the heightened or diminished color of the cheek, its own proper hue was of a somewhat richer tint than that of the hedge-rose. The whole of Margaret's face, on the contrary, was perfectly pale. The skin was of that beautiful satiny texture, and alabaster-like purity of white, which is felt by many men to be more beautiful than any the most exquisite coloring. Perhaps this absolute absence of color helped to impart to the eyes of Margaret Lindisfarn that peculiar depth and languishing appearance of tenderness which so remarkably characterized them. Both girls had specially beautiful and slender figures; but that of Kate had more of elasticity and vigor; that of her sister more of lithe yieldingness and flexibility. Both had long, slender, gracefully-formed hands; but those of Margaret were the whiter and more satiny of the two. Both had in equal perfection the beauty of ankle, instep, and foot, which insures a clean, race-horse like action and graceful gait. Yet the carriage of the two sisters was as remarkably different as anything about them. Kate's every step ex-

pressed decision, energy, vigor, elasticity,—frankness, if one may predicate such a quality of a step. Margaret's gait, on the contrary, seemed perfectly adapted to express timidity, languor, and graceful softness in its every movement. On the whole, the differences between the two sisters would be what would first strike a stranger on seeing them for the first time. The points of similarity between them would be noted afterward, or might never be discovered at all unless by the intelligent eye of some particularly interested or habitually accurate observer.

And then the somewhat up-hill process of making acquaintance with the stranger had to be gone through. And Margaret did not appear to be one of those who are gifted with the special tact and facilities which make such processes rapid and easy. The cake and wine were administered, Miss Immy standing over the patient the while, with one hand on her hip, filled to overflowing with the kindest thoughts and intentions, but having very much the air of a severe hospital nurse enforcing some very disagreeable discipline. But Miss Margaret nibbled a morsel of cake, and having put into a tumbler of water just enough wine to slightly color it, she sipped a little of the uninviting mixture.

"Bless me, my dear!" cried the old lady, whose speech was, like that of most of her contemporaries in a similar rank of life at that period, tinctured with a very unmistakable flavor of provincialism, "*Du let me pit* a little drop more wine into your glass; zems to me, it aint fit drink for either man or beast in that fashion."

"*Merci, madame!* Thank you! I always water my wine so much. I am used to it," said Margaret.

"Well, if you are used to it, my dear; but to my mind it seems like spoiling *teu* good things. Better drink clean water than water bewitched that fashion! The Lindisfarn water is celebrated."

"It is very good, thank you, madame."

"Are they well off for water in Paris?" asked the squire, catching at the subject in his difficulty of finding anything to say to his new daughter.

"Oh, we had always exquisite water, sir;" replied Margaret with more of warmth in her tone than she had yet put into it. "Madame de R-rwennerville" (this strange orthography is intended, however inadequately, to repre-

sent the most perfectly executed Parisian *grassement*) — “Madame de R-renneville was always very particular about the filtering of the water.”

“Filtering!” cried Mr. Mat in a tone of the profoundest contempt. “You can’t make bad water into good by filtering, filter as much as you will. We’ll do better than that for you here, Miss Margy!”

“I’m very particular about my filtering too, my dear;” said Mr. Lindisfarn; “the Sillshire gravel does it for me. There’s my filtering machine up above the house there, all covered over with forest trees for ornament.” And the squire laughed at his conceit, a huge but not unmusical laugh, which set every panel in the wainscoting on the wall vibrating.

Margaret opened her fine eyes to their utmost extent, and gazed on her father with astonishment, very near akin to dismay.

“We had very fine forest trees at Paris,” she said, after a little pause, “in the garden of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées.”

“Ah! I am longing for you to tell me all about Paris,” said Kate; “I should so like to see it. And all about aunt, and poor M. de Renneville. It is very sad. We shall never get to the end of all we have to say to each other!”

“Well! I shall go and beat the turnips in the copse-side twelve acres,” said the squire, rising. “Come along, Mat. Call the dogs. Good-by till dinner-time, my dear; Miss Immy and Kate are longing to show you all the old place. You will soon feel yourself at home among us. But I dare say it will seem dull at first after Paris.”

And so saying, the squire and Mr. Mat left the room.

“Now, Miss Immy,” said Kate, “I shall take possession of Margaret till dinner-time. I’m sure you must have a thousand things to do; and I mean to have her all to myself.”

“Good-by, dears; I’m all behind-hand to-day. Phoebe brought in the morning’s eggs hours ago; and I have not had time to mark ’em yet. Kate will show you your room, Margy dear. I hope you will find all to your liking. But it’s to be thought that our Sillshire ways may be different to your French fashion; but if there is anything we can get, you’ve only to speak. I did go into Silvertown myself yesterday, to see if I could find any French-fashioned things. But I could only

find a bit of Paris soap at Piper’s, the perfumer’s. I got that. You will find it in your room, dear.”

And so Miss Immy bustled off on her avocations, leaving the two sisters together.

“Don’t let us stay here,” said Kate; “come up-stairs and see your room and mine. They are close together, with a door between them. Is not that charming? That is the door of the library,” she continued, as they crossed the hall; “we must not go in now.”

“Is it kept locked?” said Margaret.

“Good gracious, no! Locked! What should it be locked for?” rejoined Kate with much surprise.

“I thought it might be, as you said we must not go in. Besides, if it is left open, we might get at the books, you know; all sorts of books. Not that I should ever dream of doing anything so wrong, of course.”

“Get at the books! Why, Margy dear, what are books made for, but to be got at? I get at them, I can tell you!”

“Oh, Kate! I have never been used to do anything without the knowledge of my dear aunt. What would papa think of you, if he found you out?”

“Good heavens, Margaret, what are you dreaming of?” cried Kate, in extreme astonishment, and coloring up at some of the unpleasant ideas her sister had called up in her mind. “Found me out! found me out in using the books in the library! I don’t understand you. I used to be afraid sometimes, some ten years ago, of being found out in *not* using them!”

“But you said we must not go in,” rejoined Margaret.

“Because if we once went in, it would take up all the time till dinner; because I want to take you up-stairs first. There are so many things to show you. The library must wait till to-morrow morning.”

“We will ask papa, at dinner-time, if I may go there.”

“Ask papa! Why, Noll will think you crazy.”

“And pray who is Noll?” asked her sister.

“Noll! why, papa to be sure! Don’t you know the name of your own father, Oliver Lindisfarn, Esquire, of Lindisfarn Chase? But that is too long for every-day use; so I call him Noll for short.”

“Oh, my sister! Respect for our parents I have always been taught to consider one of

our most sacred duties. What would papa say, if he knew that you called him Noll?"

Kate stared at her sister in absolutely speechless astonishment and dismay;—dismay at the wide gulf which she seemed to be discovering between her sister and herself, and the long path which would have to be travelled over by one or other of them before she and her sister could meet in that sisterly union of mind and heart which she had been looking forward to with such pleasurable anticipation;—and speechlessness from the difficulty she felt in choosing at which point, of all those suggested by Margaret's last speech, she should begin her explanations.

"If papa were to hear me!" she said at length; "why he never hears anything else. It's as natural to him to hear me say Noll, as to hear the rooks in the rookery say 'caw!' I never do anything,—we none of us here do anything, that the others don't know of." (Here Margaret shot a glance half shrewdly observant and half knowingly confidential at her sister; but withdrew her eyes in the next instant.) "But perhaps things may be different in France," continued Kate, endeavoring to make the unknown quantity of this difference accountable for all that she found perplexing and strange to her in the manifestations of her sister's modes of thinking; "but you will soon get used to our ways, dearest; and to begin with, you must take to calling papa Noll at once. He is such a dear, darling old Noll!"

"I! I could never, never dare to do such a thing. Beside, do you know, Kate," continued Margaret, with no little solemnity in her manner, "I think, indeed I am almost sure, that Madame de R-renneville would say that it was *vulgar* to do so."

"Oh! then of course we must give it up," said Kate. She could not resist at the moment the temptation of so far resenting the impertinence involved in her sister's remark; but she repented of the implied sneer in the next moment. But she need hardly have taken herself to task, for Margaret replied with all gravity,—

"I think indeed that it would be better to do so, my sister!"

"Nonsense! you're joking, Margy dear. I would not call darling old Noll by any other name, and he would not have me call him by any other name, for all the world. What Madame de Renneville says may be very right

for Paris, but we are in Sillshire here, and have other ways. You'll soon get used to us. See, dear, this is your room!"

It was a charming room, with one large bow-window looking out on the trim and pretty, though rather old-fashioned, garden, on the east side of the house.

"Oh, what an immense room!" cried Margaret. "This my chamber! Why one might give a ball in it. It must be very cold."

"If you find it so, you shall have a fire; but I hardly think you will, our Sillshire climate is so mild,—much milder than London. See, this is my room; just such another as yours, with the same look out on the garden. I hardly ever have a fire. Used you to have one in your bedroom in Paris?"

"No; but then my chamber was a small one, not a third the size of this; and very well closed,—very pretty,—a love of a little chamber."

"I like a large room," said Kate, a little disappointed at the small measure of approbation the accommodation—which she had flattered herself was perfect, and which was in fact all that any lady could possibly desire—elicited from her Parisian-bred sister.

"See, here are all my books, and my writing-table. I keep my drawing-table and all my drawing things on this side because of the light; and that leaves plenty of room for the toilet-table in front here. I should never have room for all these things in a small room."

"It seems very nice, certainly. Are you allowed to have a light at night?"

"Why—how do you mean, dear? We don't go to bed in the dark!"

"But I mean, are you allowed to keep your candle as long as you like?"

"Of course I keep it till I go to bed! Don't you do so too?"

"But if you are as long as you like about going to bed, you may do anything you please,—read any books you like, after they are all in bed and asleep. But I suppose," added she thoughtfully, "that the old woman downstairs sees how much candle you have burned."

"What strange notions you have, Margaret," said Kate, almost sadly, as she began to perceive that the distance that separated her from her sister was greater than she had at first seen it to be. "I am as long as ever I like about going to bed—which generally

is as short as I can make it;—and I *do* read any books I like after they are all in bed and asleep;—or rather I wish I did, and should do so, were it not that I am always a great deal too sleepy myself. Are you good at keeping awake? I wish I was! And as to the old woman down-stairs, as you call her, that is Miss Immy; and I don't think she looks much after the candle-ends;—though it must be, by the way, about the only thing that she don't look after, for she looks after everything. Dear Miss Immy! I don't know what Noll and I should do without Miss Immy. And you must learn to love her as much as we do."

"Who is she? Your *gouvernante*, I suppose. What a queer name, Miss Immy!"

"Miss Immy, Margy dear, is Miss Imogene Lindisfarn, the sister of our grandfather, Oliver Lindisfarn, and therefore our father's aunt. She has lived at the Chase all her life, and nothing would go on without her."

"What a strange old woman she seems! I don't think she likes me by the way she spoke to me. And who is that extraordinary looking man, who looked at me as if I had been some strange thing out of the *Jardin des Plantes*?"

"The extraordinary looking man," said Kate, laughing heartily, "is Matthew Lindisfarn, Esquire, commonly called Mr. Mat; a cousin of Noll's, also inseparable from and very necessary to the Chase. We could not get on without Mr. Mat. You will see him looking rather less extraordinary at dinner presently. And you will very soon get to like him too, as well as Miss Immy."

"Is he a gentleman?" asked the stranger.

"Margaret!" cried Kate, and her eyes flashed and her color mounted to her cheeks as she spoke, "did I not tell you that his name is Lindisfarn? Ask Lady Farnleigh, or the dean, or old Brian Wyvill, or Dick Cox, the ploughboy, whether he is a gentleman. But as I said before," she continued, putting her arm round her sister's waist and kissing her cheek, "you must get to know us all and our ways, and then you will understand it all better, and come to be one of us. Of course it must all be very different from life at Paris, and all very strange to you."

"Oh, so different!" said Margaret.

"And then there will be so many other people for you to know and to like;—Uncle
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Theophilus and Lady Sempronia;—and first and foremost my own darling Lady Farnleigh. And then I must introduce you to all our *beaux*! We have some very presentable ones, I assure you. And we shall have such lots to do. And now we must be thinking of dressing for dinner. You have to unpack your things."

"Are there people coming to dine here to-day?" asked Margaret.

"No, nobody. There will not be a soul but ourselves," replied Kate.

"But must we dress then?" asked her sister; "why should we do so?"

"Oh, we always dress for dinner;—that is, put on an evening dress, you know. Noll likes it. I think I had better ring for Simmons. She is our maid between us two, you know. If you don't like setting to work to unpack, now,—and we should hardly have time before dinner,—I can lend you anything."

And so a partial unpacking was done; and amid perpetual running to and fro between the two bedrooms by the door of communication;—repeated declarations that they should not be dressed in time for dinner, and warnings from Simmons to the same effect, followed by fresh interruptions for admiration, criticism, and comparison, the dressing was at last done, and the two girls hurried down the great staircase, just as the last bell was ringing, leaving both their rooms strewn with a chaos of feminine properties, which Simmons declared it would be a week's work to reduce to order.

Of course during the entirety of the couple of hours thus delightfully spent by the two sisters, the tongues of both of them were running a well-contested race; but it is hardly to be expected that a masculine pen should undertake to report even any *disjecta membra* of such a conversation. Simmons, however, though her tongue was not altogether idle, employed her eyes and ears the while with more activity. And a brief statement of her report, as made that evening to the assembled areopagus in the servants' hall, may perhaps afford the judicious reader as much insight into the character of the newly arrived Miss Lindisfarn as could be drawn from a more detailed account of the enormous mass of chatter that had passed between the two girls.

Miss Simmons then announced it as her

opinion that Miss Margaret was "a deep one." "Twere plain enough to see," she added, "that her maxim was, 'What's yours is mine; and what's mine's my own.'"

"Anyways she's a dewtiful daater!" said old Brian Wyvill; "I never zeed in all my life — and that's not zaying a little—anything so bewtiful as when she were a zupplcating the squoire like on the stone steps. 'Twere as good as any play; and I've zeed a many of 'em in my time."

"For my part," said rosy Betty housemaid, "I don't like the color of her!"

"I tell you all," rejoined Simmons, speaking with the authority of a somewhat superior position, "she is no more tu be compared tu our Miss Kate than Lindisfarn church is tu the cathedral of Silvertown."

"'Twould be very unreasonable, and very unfair on her to expect she should be," said Mr. Banting; "Miss Kate's Lindisfarn bred!"

"Ay," said the cook, "and Lindisfarn fed! What can you expect from poor creatures that live on bread-and-water supe, and vrogs, with a bit of cabbage on Zundays?"

The self-evident truth of this proposition was recognized by a chorus of "Ay, indeed!"

"She's a sweet pretty lass, anyway," said Thomas Tibbs, the coachman; "and she were Lindisfarn born, if she weren't Lindisfarn bred. And there's a deal in blood."

"Ay! there be," said Dick Wyvill, the groom, a son of old Brian. "But pretty much depends on the way they are broke."

Meanwhile the dinner in the parlor had passed a little heavily. Notwithstanding the near relationship of the new-comer, all the party were conscious of a certain slight degree of restraint. Miss Immy was nervously afraid that her domestic arrangements might fail in some way or other to satisfy the requirements and tastes of her Parisian niece. She had held a long consultation with the cook respecting the production of some sample of presumed French cookery; and no pains had been spared in the preparation of a squat-looking lump of imperfectly baked dough, which appeared on the table under the appellation of a *vol-au-vent*. And Miss Immy was rather disappointed, though at the same time re-assured and comforted as to the future, when Miss Margaret, utterly declining to try the *vol-au-vent*, made an excel-

lent dinner on a slice of roast-beef, only requesting her papa to cut it from the most underdone part, and rather shocking all present by observing that she "loved it bleeding."

Hannah, the cook, gave the untouched *vol-au-vent* entire to Dick, the ploughboy, and drew the most favorable auguries as to Margaret's rapid physical, moral, and intellectual improvement, when she heard of the manner in which that young lady had preferred to dine.

Nevertheless, the dinner, as has been said, passed rather heavily. The squire himself was not without anxiety as to the possibility of making his Parisian-bred daughter comfortable, happy, and contented with all at Lindisfarn. And Mr. Mat was tormented by suspicions that the new member of the family might turn out to be "fine," and that Paris airs might be even worse than London ones. And Margaret herself was laboring under the influence of that undefinable sense of uneasiness which the Italians well call "subjection." She had that unpleasant feeling toward Mr. Mat which arises from the consciousness of having greatly erred in one's estimate of the social position of anybody, and perhaps, for aught one can tell, manifested one's mistake. It would have given me a very favorable opinion of the young lady's gentle breeding, if she *had* at once discovered that Mr. Mat, as seen in his green coat and buff gaiters, was to all intents and purposes a gentleman. But it would be hard to blame her too severely for having mistaken him for a gamekeeper. As to her father, she seemed to feel more strongly than ever the utter impossibility of calling him "Noll." It appeared to her that she had never seen so striking an impersonation of aristocratic and respect-compelling dignity; and she was not far wrong.

The evening, too, passed slowly; and at a very early hour it was voted *nem. con.* that the traveller must be tired, and must be wanting to go to bed. But there was one matter which had already given Margaret much pain two or three times during this her first afternoon in her father's house; and when, as they were all taking their candlesticks to go to bed, an opportunity occurred of adverting to the subject, she was determined to attempt a remedy for the evil while it might yet be not incurable.

"Good-night, Margy, my darling, and God bless thee!" said her father, putting one hand fondly on her head, and kissing her on the forehead.

"Good-night, Miss Margy. If you oversleep yourself, I'll give you a rouse in the morning with the dogs under your window," said Mr. Mat.

"Good-night, Margy dear. I trust your bed and all will be as you like it, and that you will sleep well," said Miss Immy.

And, "Come along, Margy dear! We sha'n't get to bed before we have had some more talk, I'll be bound," said Kate.

The utterers of all these kindly "good-nights" had little notion that they were inflicting so many stabs in the heart of the object of them. But so it was; and the reiterated blows were more than she could bear. Was her migration *au fond du province* to involve a transformation of herself into a dairymaid, that she should be called "Margy"? It was too odious. It would be "Meg" next! She could not bear it. And then before strangers too: they would no doubt do the same! Before *des jeunes gens*! She should sink into the earth. So, while the tears gathered in her fine eyes,— "tears from the depth of some divine despair,"—she looked round on the blank faces of the little circle gathered about her, and clasping her hands in an attitude of unexceptionable elegance, exclaimed in tones of the most touching entreaty,—

"Oh! call me Marguérwite; not that horrid name. My father! my sister! dear friends! call me Marrguérwite!" she said, uttering the word in a manner wholly unattainable by insular organs.

The little party looked at each other in blank dismay, while the suppliant continued to hold her hands clasped in a sort of circular appeal.

"My love," said the squire, "you shall be called any way you like best. Let it be Margaret; but I'll be shot if I can say it as you do, not if 'twas to save my life."

"To my thinking, 'Margy' is quite a pretty name," said Mr. Mat, more confirmed than ever in his suspicions of latent "finery."

"But, sissy darling," said Kate, laughing and putting her arm caressingly round her sister's waist, "I am as bad as Noll. I could not say the name as you say it, not if I were to put a hot chestnut in my mouth every time!

But I'll never say 'Margy' again. Let me say Margaret!"

"I think that people ought to be called as they like best," said Miss Immy. "I've been called Miss Immy nearly fourscore years; and I should not like to be called anything else. So I shall always call her 'Margy sweet,' since that is what she likes best!"

And Miss Immy toddled off, holding her flat candlestick at arm's length in front of her, and shaking her head in a manner that seemed to be intended to express the most irrevocable determination.

CHAPTER VI.

WALTER ELLINGHAM.

LADY FARNLEIGH had asked Kate, as the reader may possibly remember, to be sure to ride over to Wanstraw not later than the next day but one after the arrival of her sister. But on the morrow of the evening spoken of in the last chapter, Kate heard her godmother's cheery ringing voice in the hall, asking for her before she had left her bedroom.

She was just about doing so, and hurrying down-stairs to be in time to tell the servants not to ring the breakfast-bell; for her sister was still sleeping and she would not have her awakened, when she found Lady Farnleigh in the hall in her riding-habit.

"What, Kate turned sluggard! you too? We shall have the larks lying abed till the sun has aired the world for them next. I doubted whether I should be in time for breakfast; has the bell rung?"

"No. And I want to prevent them from ringing it this morning. Margaret is still fast asleep, and I won't let her be waked. She had a very fatiguing journey of it, you know."

"But it's past nine o'clock, child. Our new sister must have a finely cultivated talent for sleeping. You were not late, I suppose?"

"To tell you the truth, we were rather late,—that is, she and I were. We had so much to talk of to each other, you know. How good of you to ride over this morning, you good fairy of a godmamma!"

"And like the fairies I get the bloom of the day for my pains. Such a ride! It is the loveliest morning."

"I must send to tell Noll and the others that there is to be no bell this morning, or else they'll be waiting for it. And then we'll

go to breakfast. You must be ready for yours."

"Sha'n't be sorry to get it. I had no thought of riding over to-day, you know; but last night I made up my mind to do so, for a whole chapter of reasons."

"Of which any one would have been sufficient, I should hope."

"Nevertheless, you shall have them all. In the first place, I could not restrain my impatient curiosity to see what our new sister is like. In the next place, I thought that perhaps she might ride over with you to-morrow. And in that case, it would be more *selon les convenances*—and we must be upon our P's and Q's with our visitor from Paris, you know—that I should call first upon her. It is not the usual hour for a morning call, it is true; but no doubt she will consider that the *mode du pays*."

"She will consider that you are the kindest and best of fairy godmothers!"

"But I am no godmother of hers, you know, fairy or mortal. But you have not heard all my reasons for coming yet; I am come to ask permission to introduce to you an old and valued friend."

"You are joking! As if there was any need of your asking permission to bring anybody here!"

"Nevertheless, I choose upon this occasion to ask permission;—your father's, at all events, Miss Kate, even if I am to take yours as a matter of course."

"As if Noll would not be just as much surprised at your asking as I can be!"

"Nevertheless, I say again, I choose in this case to let you all know who and what the person is that I propose to bring to you, before I do so."

"Is he something so very terrible then?"

"I had not said that it was a 'he' at all, Miss Kate. However, you are right. It is a 'he'. And as for the terribleness of him, that you must judge for yourself. I have told you that it is one in whom I am greatly interested."

"And surely that makes all other information on the subject unnecessary."

"Thanks, Kate, for thinking so. But I don't think so. Did you ever hear of Lord Ellingham?"

"I have seen the name in the debates in the House of Lords; but that is all."

"Lord Ellingham has been a widower many

years; and it is a long time since I have seen him. But his wife was the dearest friend I ever had—not dearer, perhaps, than your mother, Kate; but at all events an older friend. She was the friend of my girlhood, and I lost her before I came to live in this part of the country. She left her husband with four young sons. The gentleman I purpose asking your father's permission to bring here is the third of these. Lord Ellingham, I should tell you, is very far from being a wealthy man,—and his third son is a very poor one, pretty nearly as dependent on his own exertions for his daily bread as any one of your father's laborers. You see, therefore, that my friend, Walter Ellingham, is by no means what match-making mammas call an 'eligible' young man. He has not been found eligible for much either, poor fellow, by his masters, my Lords of the Admiralty. His father is a leading member of the Opposition,—though of course that can have nothing to do with it. The fact is, however, that, at thirty years of age, Walter Ellingham—'honorable' though he be—is but a lieutenant in His Majesty's navy; and thinks himself fortunate in having obtained the command of a revenue cutter, stationed on our coast here. I found a letter when I got home yesterday evening, telling me all about it. He hopes to be able to come up to Wanstrow the day after to-morrow; and as I dare say we shall frequently see him during the time he is stationed here, I purpose bringing him over to you. And that is the third reason for my morning ride."

"But you haven't said a word, you mysterious fairy godmother, to explain why you thought it necessary to ask a special permission to make us this present. Of course you will send him up to Lindisfarn in a pumpkin drawn by eight white mice, with a grasshopper for coachman. And I do hope he'll have a very tall feather in his cap!"

"Suffice it that in the plenitude of my fairy wisdom I did choose to ask permission before starting the pumpkin. As for the feather in his cap, I have little doubt that it will come in due time. It is some years since I have seen Walter, but from my remembrance of him, I should be inclined to prefer some other trade to that of a smuggler on the Shillshire coast just at present. But what about this breakfast, Kate?"

"I must go and look after Miss Immy."

The event of yesterday has put us all out of our usual clockwork order, I think. I dare say Miss Immy is deep in speculation as to the modes and times at which French people get up and get their breakfasts."

"I shall go and speak to the squire by myself; I suppose I shall find him in the study?"

"Yes, do. And tell him he may come to breakfast without waiting for the bell this morning."

So Lady Farnleigh made her way to the sanctum which country gentlemen will persist in calling their "study," for the purpose of having five minutes' conversation with the squire, on the subject which was uppermost in her mind, in a rather graver tone than that which she had used in speaking to Kate; and the latter went to discover the cause of such an unprecedented event as the non-appearance of Miss Immy in the breakfast-room exactly as the clock over the stables struck nine.

It was very nearly a quarter past that hour, when the family party, with the exception of the new-comer, met in the breakfast-room.

"Why, Miss Immy! it's near quarter past nine, as I am a living man!" cried the squire. "We shall begin to think that you are getting old, if you break rules in this way!"

"Not so old by a quarter of an hour as you make me out, Mr. Lindisfarn!" said Miss Immy, rattling the teacups about. "The clock is ever so much too fast."

"I dare say the sun got up a little before his time when he saw it was such a lovely morning."

"You know I am always in the room by nine o'clock, Mr. Lindisfarn," reiterated Miss Immy, who would have gone to the stake rather than admit that she was late.

"Always! It shall be always nine o'clock when you come into the breakfast-room; as it's always one o'clock in Parson Mayford's parish out on the moor when the parson is hungry. The clerk sets the church clock every day by his Reverence's appetite; and they say there's no parish in the moor keeps such good time."

"I think I must get Mr. Mayford to come and stay with me while at Wanstraw," said Lady Farnleigh, "for our Wanstraw clocks are always at sixes and sevens."

"Ah! but the Wanstraw air is not so keen as it is on the moor. Parson's appetite would be slower in getting its edge; and your lady-

ship would be half an hour behind time at least," said Mr. Mat.

"I should get you to calculate the difference, and work out the mean time accordingly, Mr. Mat; will you be my astronomer?"

"You mean gastronome, godmamma! That would be more what would be needed for the business in hand," said Kate.

"I wonder when Margy will be down. No, I mustn't say that," cried the squire, correcting himself. "Poor lass, I wouldn't vex her for the world."

"Vex her! What should vex her?" inquired Lady Farnleigh.

"She don't like being called Margy," explained Kate; "we quite annoyed her, all of us, by calling her Margy. She has been used to be called Marguerite. And I am afraid I hurt her last night by laughing at her French pronunciation of it—which was very silly of me. But we put it all right afterward."

"And you were half the night in doing it, I'll bet a wager," said the squire; "and that's why she can't get up this morning."

"Yes, we were rather late. Just think how much we have to talk about!" said Kate.

"And no time except last night to do it in," laughed the squire.

"And she must be tired after her journey, poor lass," said Mr. Mat.

"I dare say she is stirring by this time," said Kate; "I will go and look for her."

"I am going into Silverton; has anybody any commands?" said Mr. Mat.

"Of course you will call in the Close, and tell them she is come. Say that we shall come in to-morrow," answered Kate.

"I'll take the dogs and go with you as far as the brook," said the squire.

So the gentlemen took themselves off; Miss Immy toddled off to her usual domestic avocations, and Lady Farnleigh was left alone in the breakfast-room, while Kate ran up-stairs to look for her sister.

In a very few minutes she returned, bringing down Miss Margaret with her into the breakfast-room, where she was presented in due form to Lady Farnleigh. Margaret executed a courtesy, with proper eyelid *manège* to match, to which Mr. Turveydrop, or any other equally competent master of "deportment," would have awarded a crown of laurel on the spot.

"You have had plenty of warm-hearted welcoming to Lindisfarn; but you must let me say welcome to Sillshire, Marguérite; for 'we Zillshire folk,' as Mr. Mat loves to say, look upon Sillshire as a common possession, of which we are all uncommonly proud."

"It is a nice country; I am sure of it, madame,—my lady," said Margaret, correcting herself and blushing painfully.

"Oh, you must not 'my lady' me; Kate here, calls me all sorts of names,—very bad ones, sometimes!" said Lady Farnleigh, with mock gravity.

Margaret threw her fine eyes, eloquent with surprised and sorrowful reproachfulness, on her sister.

"But then," continued Lady Farnleigh, as she shot, on her side, a glance of shrewd observation on Margaret, "Kate has a sad habit of calling names."

"Madame de Renneville strictly forbade me ever to do such a thing," rejoined Margaret: "she always said that there was nothing more vulgar."

"We must send Kate to the school where 'them as learns manners pays twopence extra,'—and pay the twopence for her," said Lady Farnleigh, with a queer look at Kate, while Margaret opened her magnificent large eyes to their utmost extent, in utterly mystified astonishment.

"But however we call one another," continued Lady Farnleigh, changing her tone, "we must learn, my dear Miss Lindisfarn, to be very great friends; for your poor dear mother loved me, and I loved her very dearly. Love between you and me is a matter of inheritance."

"You are very good, madame. I never had the happiness to know my sainted mother," said Margaret, with a sigh, the profundity of which was measured with the most skilful accuracy to the exact requirement of the nicest propriety on the occasion.

"Here comes some hot coffee for you, Margaret dear," said Kate. "We all take tea; but Miss Immy thought that you probably took coffee; and here is some of our famous Sillshire cream. Now what will you have to eat? A fresh egg, warranted under Miss Immy's own sign-manual to have been laid this morning? See, there is the dear old soul's mark! If the egg were to be taken from the nest to be put into the saucepan the next instant, Miss Immy would insist on marking

it with the day of the month, before it was boiled."

"Only a bit of bread, if you please," replied the Parisian-bred girl. "And I should like to have a little hot milk with my coffee, if I might."

"Instead of our Sillshire cream? You shall have what you like, darling; but we must keep it a close secret. What will Sillshire say?"

"I am afraid the cream is too rich. I always take coffee and milk and a bit of bread;—nothing else."

"Ah! Sillshire air will soon avenge your neglect of our good things," said Lady Farnleigh. "Do you ride, Marguérite?"

"I have never been on a horse. Madame de Renneville did not consider mounting on horseback in all respects desirable."

Lady Farnleigh and Kate exchanged glances involuntarily, and the former said, "I dare say Madame de Renneville may have been right, as regards Paris; but you can understand, my dear, that it is of course a very different thing here. Kate and I ride a great deal; and I hope you will ride with us. You must learn at once. Mr. Mat will be an excellent riding-master for you."

"It would give me great pleasure to ride with you, Lady Farnleigh," replied Margaret, with just the slightest perceptible accent on the "you;" "but I am afraid I should be very stupid at it."

"Oh, you would soon learn, with Mr. Mat for your master," rejoined Kate.

"Kate was to have ridden over to see me to-morrow," pursued Lady Farnleigh, "and I hoped that you would have come with her; but now it seems you are to go into Silvertown to-morrow; and the day after—has Kate told you?—I am going to bring an old friend of mine to make acquaintance with you all here."

"No, I have not told her yet," said Kate. "An accession to our rather limited assortment of beaux, Margaret!—Mr.—or Captain should I say?"

"Captain, by courtesy," said Lady Farnleigh, "though that is not his real rank in the navy. But he is called Captain—the Honorable Captain Ellingham."

"The Honorable Captain Ellingham. Is he the son of a lord, then?" asked Margaret who seemed remarkably well versed in such niceties of English social distinctions, for a

young lady whose entire life had been spent in France. But it is to be presumed that Madame de Renneville had given her personal care to that branch of her niece's education.

"Yes, Walter Ellingham is the son of Lord Ellingham; but for all that he is a very poor man, Margaret," replied Lady Farnleigh.

"Are lords ever poor?" asked Margaret, with a surprised and somewhat disappointed expression of face.

"Yes, my dear; a poor lord is unfortunately a by no means unprecedented phenomenon," replied Lady Farnleigh. "And what is still more lamentable, and still more to the purpose, when a lord is poor, his third son is apt to be still poorer."

"And the Honorable Captain Ellingham is Lord Ellingham's third son?" asked Margaret.

"Even so," said Lady Farnleigh.

"Is the Mr. Falconer you were telling me of last night, Kate, a poor man too?" asked Margaret, after a pause.

"I should think not," said Kate; "I don't know at all. I never remember to have heard the subject alluded to. But he is old Mr. Falconer's only child, and I should suppose that he must be rich."

"Oh, yes! there is no mistake about that at all," said Lady Farnleigh; "Mr. Falconer, the banker, is well known to be a very 'warm' man, and if you are not English enough yet, Margaret, my dear, to understand the meaning of that phrase, you will at least have no difficulty in comprehending what I mean when I say that Mr. Freddy Falconer is an extremely desirable '*parti*.' You will find that all the young ladies at Silverton, including your sister," continued Lady Farnleigh, with an archly malicious look at Kate, "consider him such, and all the old ladies, too,—except one."

"You are always to pay implicit attention to all Lady Farnleigh says, sister dear, when she talks common sense," said Kate; "but you are never to pay the slightest attention to a word she utters when she has got her nonsense-cap on. And if you are in any doubt upon the subject, you have only to ask me; for I am her goddaughter, and know the ways of her."

"That is calling me a fool, by implication; and you have been told, Kate, once this morning already, on the authority of Madame de

Renneville," said Lady Farnleigh *grasseyant* in the most perfect Parisian style, "how vulgar it is to do so. But I am afraid you are incorrigible. What can we do to improve her manners, my dear?"

"I am sure I shall always be very happy," began poor Margaret, dropping her eyelids, and speaking with a sort of purring consciousness of superiority.

But Kate, who, as she had very truly said, knew the ways of her godmother, and perceived with dismay that she was beginning already to conceive a prejudice against Margaret, hurried to rescue her from the damaging and dangerous position which she saw was being prepared for her.

"Now, your malicious fairy godmother, don't be hypocritical. It was you who told Margaret that I was in the habit of calling you bad names. What could she think? And her remark thereon was very natural. Now I won't let you turn yourself all of a sudden into the shape of a great white cat, and hunt her, poor little mouse, all round the room. I can see by the look of you that that is what you're bent on."

"What would Madame de Renneville say to that?" exclaimed Lady Farnleigh, turning to Margaret with a look of appeal.

"Never mind Madame de Renneville"—began Kate.

"Kate!" cried Margaret, in a tone deeply laden with reproach, but skilfully modulated so as to seem uttered more in sorrow than in anger, and casting her eyes on her sister with an appealing look of warning, reproof, and tenderness combined.

And "Kate!" re-echoed Lady Farnleigh, in a similar tone, and with a similar look.

It became very evident to Kate's experienced perception that her godmamma was getting dangerous, and was bent on mischief. But she was fully determined to prevent, or at all events not to contribute to her sister's becoming the victim of it. It was as much as she could do to prevent herself from laughing at Lady Farnleigh's last bit of parody. But biting her lips to preserve her gravity, she continued,—

"What I wanted to say was, to ask on what authority you include me among the young ladies who are so enthusiastic on the subject of Mr. Falconer's eligibility."

"Kate!" said her incorrigible ladyship again, in the same accent and manner as be-

fore. But having been admonished by a look of entreaty from her goddaughter, administered *aside*, which she perfectly well understood, she said,—

"Why, do you not think so? Does anybody not think so? Is he not very undeniably an eligible '*parti*'? Margaret very judiciously asked, before making up her mind on the subject, whether he, too, was as poor as Walter Ellingham. But we, who are well informed on that point can have no doubts on the subject. Why, old Mr. Falconer must be made of gold; whereas my poor friend Walter has but one bit of gold belonging to him, to the best of my belief. There can be no doubt, I think, which is the eligible and which is the ineligible man. It is clear enough; is it not, Margaret?"

But Kate, who was very anxious that her sister should not put her foot into the spring-trap thus laid for her, but who nevertheless feared, in a manner which she unquestionably would not have feared a few hours ago, that Margaret might, if left to herself, run a danger of doing so, once again hurried to the rescue, by saying,—

"One bit of gold! What can you mean, you enigmatical fairy? What is the one bit of gold that Captain Ellingham possesses, and how did he come by it?"

"Really I do not know how he came by it; but I never knew him without it. He always carries it inside his waistcoat."

"What, a gold watch?" asked Margaret, innocently.

"To be sure, a gold watch," replied Lady Farnleigh; "what in the world else of gold could a man have thereabouts? How dull you are, Kate, this morning!"

"I always am dull at riddles; but we all know that a man carries a heart inside his waistcoat; and I suppose that is the article that your friend has of gold, as you say. I see, at all events, that he is a favorite of yours, godmamma."

"He is," said Lady Farnleigh, briefly; "and you will all of you have an opportunity of judging," she continued, "whether he deserves to be so; for your father has very kindly bidden me to bring him to dine here the day after to-morrow. And now, girls, I shall leave you; for of course you want to be alone together. May I ask if Giles is there?"

"Yes. But come down with us to the

stables, and mount there; I want to show Birdie to Margaret."

Birdie was a beautiful black mare, nearly thorough-bred, which had been a present from Lady Farnleigh to her goddaughter; and of all her treasures it was the one which Kate valued the most, and was the most proud of. A competent judge would have found a long list of good points to admire in Birdie; but even the most unskilled eye could not fail to be struck by the exceeding beauty of the coat, glossier than satin; by the fineness of the skin, as evidenced by the great veins in the neck showing through it; by the dainty elegance of the legs and pasterns; and above all, by the beauty of the small head, with its eyes, as keen, Kate used to say, as a hawk's, and as gentle as a dove's.

Margaret was accordingly much struck by Birdie's beauty, as the groom walked her about the stable-yard for the ladies to look at.

"Oh, what a lovely creature!" she exclaimed; "I do not wonder that you are fond of riding on such a horse as that. But it would be a very different thing to ride on any one of these great clumsy-looking beasts. I can never expect to have such a horse as that to ride!" lamented Margaret, as she very accurately figured to herself the charming picture she would make, mounted in a becoming amazon costume upon so showily beautiful a steed.

"You shall ride Birdie, sister dear, and welcome, as soon as you have made some little progress under Mr. Mat's tuition; but I think you must begin with something a little steadier; for my darling Birdie, though she is as gentle as a lamb, is apt to be a little lively, the pretty creature."

"But I don't like the look of the something steadier," pouted Margaret.

"Nevertheless, it is my advice, my dear," said Lady Farnleigh, "that you do not attempt to mount Birdie till Mr. Mat is ready to give you a certificate of competency. Birdie is not for every one's riding."

"But Kate can ride her," returned Margaret, somewhat discontentedly.

"Ay! but Kate, let me tell you," said Lady Farnleigh, "is about the best lady rider in the country. Good-by, girls. You must give me an early day at Wanstraw, my dear. When shall it be? why not Wednes-

day? I am to dine here on Friday, the day after to-morrow. Will you say Wednesday, Kate? Make your father come, if you can. If not, get Mr. Mat to come over with you. And come early."

"I do not think papa will come," said Kate; "but we shall be delighted. Mr. Mat shall drive Margaret in the gig, and I will ride."

"That's agreed then. Good-by."

"Now shall I show you the garden?" said Kate, after the two girls had watched Lady Farnleigh as she rode down toward the lodge till she was out of sight.

"No, not now, I think. Let us go and finish unpacking and putting away my things. I have ever so many more things to show you. And besides, I want you to tell me all about this Mr. Falconer."

"The all is soon told," said Kate; "but first you tell me what you think of my godmother; is she not a darling?"

"I hardly know whether I like her or not," said Margaret. "I feel somehow not safe with her; and I can't quite make her out. One thing was quite clear, that she was not well pleased with your calling her a fairy, and making fun of her in that way. Tell me," added she, musingly, after a pause, during which Kate had been pondering whether it would be better to attempt making her sister understand Lady Farnleigh a little better at once, or to leave it to time to do so,—“tell me whether the six thousand pounds that you are to have from her—that is a hundred and fifty thousand francs, is it not?—are settled on you, or only given you by her will?”

"I declare I don't know," returned Kate, surprised; "I had never thought about it. No doubt papa knows all about it. Why do you ask?"

"Oh! only that the one is certain, and the other uncertain; that is all," answered Margaret.

BELTRAMI, THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTHERN SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—On the morning of the 28th of August, 1823, Beltrami, an ardent Italian, with only an Indian guide, and *bois-brûlé voyageur*, by way of the Red River of the north, boldly penetrated to the extreme northern sources of the Mississippi, which he designated as the "Julian" sources, in compliment to the esteemed Countess of Albany. In the journal of his tour, he also describes Lac La Biche, or Elk Lake, now poetically, rather than accurately, designated Itasca, and says, "It is here, in my opinion, we shall fix the western sources of the Mississippi."

This discoverer, so little known to Americans, was born in Bergamo, and in 1807 was chancellor in one of the districts of Italy. In 1812, he went to Florence and became one of an interesting literary circle in that city, of which the Countess of Albany was a prominent member.

Suspected of "Carbonarism," he became an exile, and visited France, Germany, England, the United States, and Mexico. Later in life, he resided, for several years, near Heidelberg, but at length returned to his beloved Italia, and died at Filotranto, in 1855, aged seventy-five years.

Prominent in the public library of Bergamo, there is a finely-executed painting representing Beltrami in a canoe, pushing toward the sources of the Mississippi. A letter just received from Bergamo, dated February 11, and addressed to a gentleman who has given great attention to the topography of the upper Mississippi, and now on duty at the headquarters of the army, states that

the city of Bergamo is about to publish a biographical notice of Beltrami, with a portrait, and that the work will be dedicated to the Historical Society of Minnesota.

This society, of the most northern State in the valley of the Mississippi, has become favorably known in Europe, through the labors of its members, who have given to the world the "Dakota Grammar and Lexicon," issued by the Smithsonian Institution, and the largest work on the language of the Aborigines of North America ever published, and also by various additions to the topography and history of the region west of Lake Superior, printed in its own "Annals," and other historical magazines. N.

—*Washington Chronicle*.

SOME years ago, whilst the late Mr. Lockhart was editor of the *Quarterly Review*, he noticed at length in its pages a little, strictly privately-printed volume, "The Diary of a Dutiful Son," by the late Mr. Thomas George Fonnereau, a charming volume of table-talk. The book, which since then has always been eagerly sought for, has just been reprinted and published by Mr. Murray.

"Our Mutual Friend" is the name by which Mr. Dickens introduces his new serial tale, the first part of which is to appear on the 30th of April.

From The Eclectic Review.

PROBLEMS IN HUMAN NATURE.*

It is a very comforting discovery, perhaps more so now than ever, to find any one taking a virtuously moderate view of human nature. We say *virtuously* moderate, because the moderation of too many has consisted rather in the doctrine that we ought not to expect men to be very good (as Gibbon takes pains to show us in the case of statesmen) than in the acknowledgment that most men are not very good. We have here a writer who neither thinks that every one is utterly bad, nor that, after all, sin is only a negative kind of goodness.

The author of "Problems in Human Nature" is already known to the reading public; and we think that those who remember any of her books will be glad to hear of another from the same pen. They will find the same breadth, the same simplicity, and the same quiet earnestness in this latest and, perhaps, best.

The book is written on the principle that, as we have been told that God made man in his own image, and have *not* been told that man was created anew after the fall, it is probable that some trace of that image may still remain; the more so as we have good authority for believing that even those pagan nations who were before Christ came had some law of God written on their hearts, something that excused or accused them, all along; to whom, as in greater measure to the Hebrews, God sent wise men and prophets and preachers of righteousness.

The book is divided into three parts, in the form of essays. The first, on "The Source of Vanity," is founded on these two thoughts: that vanity of some kind or other is so universal as to seem a radical part of human character; and that (in accordance with the principle already referred to), therefore, it can hardly be intrinsically wrong. Careful observations have led the author to believe that vanity may be traced to a desire to "take effect" on others; and that most human thoughts and words and actions have this end. This may remind some of Hobbes's love-of-power theory; but it is really as different from, and as superior to, it as the general tone of our philosophy differs from, and is superior to, that

* "Problems in Human Nature." By the author of "Morning Clouds," "The Afternoon of Life," "The Romance of a Dull Life," etc. Longmans. 1863.

of the seventeenth century. We have here the truth which Hobbes turned into a lie. Our author sees that the passive side of this "desire to take effect" balances the active; that "there is in human nature an almost equally strong delight in being impressed." We agree with the author that the latter is often a higher delight than the former—chiefly so, we think, to the loftier class of minds. The highest delight of all is found in the combination of the active and passive impression. What words move us like those which the speaker is saying to himself, while he seems, perhaps, to say them only to us? And the songs which stir the depths of our passion are those which the poet first sang to himself, and then let the world in to hear. Words, however fine, uttered from "happy seats above the thunder," and exciting no emotion in the speaker's heart, fall dead on our ears. And, as the author observes, a discovered attempt upon our feelings always rouses indignation. We feel ourselves wronged, deprived by another's vanity or coldness of a great delight; and, as we must have excitement, we obtain it from the blame we bestow. The speaker has indeed produced an effect on us, but not of the sort he intended. How willingly we yield ourselves to be moved by one who is himself moved, who has forgotten himself in his subject, and so can make us forget ourselves too. "Seeking not yours but you," not your excited feelings, your astonished admiration; not that *we* should give so much as that *you* should receive; this is the secret of power. When we allow our love of taking effect to overstep our truthfulness and respect for others, the natural desire is fast merging into vanity, properly so-called, into self-exhibition; and the broken law, as always, becomes its own avenger. Here, as everywhere, self-seeking is self-losing.

Such a view of human nature as this has a twofold excellence: it agrees with fact and reason, and it is practically useful. How much better it would be if, instead of teaching that everything human is bad in itself, and that to be good one must get as far away as possible from nature and humanity, we would believe and teach that only God can create, and that what he has created must be good if we will let it; if we would believe that here, too, *we can only conquer Nature by obeying her*. We cannot dry up the mighty

river of human passion ; and if we could, we should be worse off than ever : not more like God, but only less like man ; but we can, by God's grace, turn the waters back into their true channel.

The coolness of the affection grown-up relations often feel for one another is here explained much more reasonably, and in a way much less dishonorable to human nature than the base motive by which it is usually accounted for. Members of the same family are cast too much in the same mould to *suffice* each other. Positive electricity seeks to combine itself with negative. We do not want our friends to be merely modified repetitions of ourselves, though most friendships have a broad common basis. The strongest races are those which receive the greatest infusion of new blood ; and mind obeys, in this instance, the same law as matter. Brothers and sisters are all in all to each other for the first few years of their lives ; but they forget that their capacity for love grows with the growth of their other powers, and sometimes expect the same share of the same kind of love at thirty years old as was given at ten ; forgetting that " natural affection " does not imply friendship. When relations are also friends, their elder love is deeper and steadier than the unreasoning love of their childhood. But when brothers or sisters are aggrieved that any one else should be preferred to them, and put the chance tie of blood (strong and sacred as that tie is) before the bond of mutual fitness and love, independent of habit, endless jealousies are kindled. Jealousy is said to prove love ; it may do so ; it certainly weakens it, and as certainly shows its want- ingness in love's strongest pillar,—trust. If we loved a little more, we should not be jealous. Indeed, jealousy is only a polite word for the most subtle selfishness. If we believe our friends are as good as we say, how dare we wish to keep all their love for ourselves ? Is it that we fear they are, after all, not loving enough to love many people ? And if love is the virtue of virtues, how can true love show itself by seeking to circumscribe our friends' exercise of it ? Do we grudge them their lovingness ? Or can we venture to deprive others of some share of the love which blesses us ?

The second essay (on " The Decline of Sentiment ") takes a still wider range. Enumerating the many causes which unite to

make this the least romantic of all ages,—hardly excepting the dreary Georgian period, which, with all its unsublimity, had sentiment enough, true or false,—the author touches on education, and justly laments that the present system cultivates the head so much more carefully than the heart. Indeed, judging from the means employed, and very especially from the manner of their employment, one could almost imagine that the express end of education was to do away with the feelings as much as possible. We shorten our children's infancy by every method in our power. There is no room for the development of original character ; we put our own upon them, and ruthlessly expect them to act up to a standard of perfection which they neither can nor ought to comprehend. Entirely reversing the favorite maxim of great physicians, that artificial means should be only *aids to nature*, we carefully thwart nature at every turn. Like many others of our institutions, our education is rather negative than positive. And we are in great danger of thinking that he who knows a great many things is well educated ; whereas, unless the mind itself be greater than its knowledge, it had better have known less. We often meet with people who know plenty of facts, but do not seem to know (how far higher a knowledge !) what to do with them, and flounder helplessly in the harness they have not proved. The chief end of education is to teach people how to learn, and how to use what they may learn. It is a " drawing out " of undeveloped powers. As the gymnast does not give his pupils more limbs and muscles, but only teaches them to use to the best advantage those they already possess, so the mental instructor only exercises and improves already existing powers. But we will not trust nature ; we pull our buds open too soon, and drag them out into the full daylight, while they still need twilight. We fill the tender little minds with hard, grown-up ideas, till there is very little room left for the original self. We are properly shocked to hear how the Red Indians strap their babies' heads between two boards to give them a fashionable shape ; but we think nothing of cramping the impressible minds of our babies in our stiff, neatly-defined opinions, which we hold because most people hold them too. And we are so hasty that, before the little wondering eyes can see anything clearly for themselves,

we show them, through our spectacles, as many things in heaven and earth as we see ourselves, with the plain intimation that there is nothing else worth looking at, and no other way of looking. We expose the weak points of everything, lest our children should "expect too much from the world;" we check vehemence of every kind, lest they should ever be carried away by their feelings; we dread "fancifulness," and, above all, the least approach to superstition (which we have learnt to confound with reverence), far more than cold-heartedness and successful selfishness. We force the intellect and starve the emotions. In confirmation of this, we need only appeal to ordinary conversation. Who dares to show enthusiasm in any cause? or, rather, who really cares enough about anything to feel it? The miserable remarks with which people try to praise or blame must occur to every one's memory. Which of us, who has been deeply moved by music, or poetry, or painting, has not winced under easy commendations of what we loved far too well for praise? But people may be found who would patronize Shakspeare, and think him their debtor,—and what wonder, when their education has, from first to last, fostered irreverence and shallowness of thought and feeling?

We are soon disenchanted now; even the children are too well instructed to think anything mysterious. It is painful to see the old look,—the look of premature enlightenment on so many little faces. Few children are childlike now. They have no time for day-dreams; and if they had, every knowable mystery was explained, and made look insignificant enough, and all the sweet fruits of wonder nipped in the bud.

And with all our dread of superstition, and love of that very unpractical thing, "practicalness," we have no dread whatever of excitement; we have even a new word, or an old word in a new sense, which from a noun becomes an adjective, to describe startling things withal; and "sensation" novels and plays and sermons interest the enlightened generation, which will not believe (if it can help it) what it cannot understand. We have religion made funny, and knowledge made easy and everything made quite comprehensible. Our zeal against ignorance would be praiseworthy, if we did not know the wise ignorance from the foolish, for there is doubt-

less also a time to be ignorant. They who have never been ignorant can only be wise at second-hand; and a little wisdom that one earns one's self is better than a great deal merely borrowed.

It is possible to be superstitiously afraid of superstition. Our love of excitement and carelessness, whether it be a wholesome excitement or not, weakens the whole mind, keeping it constantly on the strain, and deadening its sense of enjoyment by unnaturally stimulating it. As our author well says: "Too much excitement in play is nearly as injurious as too much toil in study. You may laugh at the suggestion; but, believe me, had the little girl been allowed to attach herself to the ugliest wooden shape ever hugged in *your* childhood, had you not ruined her constancy by such a succession of gay rivals, you would be better loved by her yourself in after-years. While you plied those little hands with new playthings, you were doing all you could to paralyze the sentiment of wonder,—the source of keenest pleasure, and the inseparable associate of genius; for the young, who have not enough rest from new impressions, cannot enjoy that quietness of mind, which is as necessary to the intellect as sleep is to the body, and are never so long at a pause as to be able to feel with vivacity the delightful thrill of surprise."—Pp. 51-2.

It is too true that the sense of wonder languishes, and with it reverence. We are all excellent critics, but, unfortunately, not in the native sense of the word,—not good discerners, only keen blamers and ingenious dissectors. We have well-nigh lost the trick of praising; we "admire" sometimes; but modern "admiration" is by no means the sentiment which the ancients understood by the expression. We never for a moment forget the flaws in our diamonds, and we are careful to point them out to prove our acuteness. We are very much afraid of praising too highly. We are content to *like* people and things; and when we do now and then see some illustrious result of love, we are puzzled by it, and account for it by any reason but the simple one of love. We are so anxious not to believe too much (especially if it is beautiful) that we explain away with infinite pains any unusual excellence in either the living or the dead. It is miserable to see the shifts we put ourselves to, to explain the generous deeds we read of; we say it was policy, or fear, or love

of admiration; but we find no difficulty at all in receiving verbatim any tale of wickedness, however unaccountable. We carry this into private life, and are very careful not to love beyond measure. The way in which some people talk of their friends is enough to drive an enthusiastic young spirit to despair. "I used to like" is a too common speech.

But these remarks were only made for the sake of the following quotation on the subject:—

"Having felt the discrepancy of human desire, and the fullest attainment of what is hoped for, we are ready to smile assent when Emerson likens all human ambition to the kitten's pursuit of its own tail; it is our own notion of things, and not that which they really are, that we pant after so eagerly. 'The dust of the earth' we stamp with the impression of our own wishes before we make it an idol; and now and then the disquieting thought flashes through the mind, that *all* we seek for here so ardently is but as a tip of the kitten's tail,—the extreme point of our own imaginations; apart from imagination worthless, or nowhere existing in reality. 'Then comes the check, the change, the fall,' and from these the unspeakable *ennui* and life-weariness that is so deplorably common; for it is in a *decisiveness of feeling*, even more than in a determinate line of action, that the heart finds the best earthly element of peace, and cruelly does it suffer if shaken even for an hour in its allegiance to the old objects of affection. But we are so shaken, we know now that we are liable with fantastic admiration to overrate the merit of our dearest friend. Alas! some of us may know it from our own bitter experience; and looking at another person with a bundle of letters, hoarded as the most precious treasure, our ghastly trick of dissecting joy at once brings to mind some cold maxim with regard to the short-lived value of those relics. Involuntarily we think how commonplace and dull those letters would seem to any but a friend under the spell of love! 'What is *thy* beloved,' we might be tempted to say, 'more than any other beloved?' whose letters have been grasped with eager longing, read and re-read, wetted, it may be, with tears of joy or grief—and then? laid by, not read, not so much loved, and on some grim day, when relentless reason held a session on such prisoners, coldly eyed, looked at with a bitter pain from an enlarged wisdom, and tossed into the stifling fire with all the precipitance of self-contempt. 'What is *thy* beloved?' Ours were inconceivably lovable till we left off loving."—Pp. 64-5.

We do not think that the "Decline of Sen-

timent" in average minds (for love is not dead and out of the world, though few love illustriously) is much, if at all, to be wondered at, if we consider that the long-protracted excitement which began with the War of Independence, and continued, with little abatement till the 18th of June, 1815, and was soon again reawakened by a series of discoveries and inventions that has no parallel since the fifteenth century and hardly then.

The terrible and perilous exhaustion which followed the Peace of Paris gave place to a restless energy, a quickening of the wheels of life, such as had not been since the world began. Steam and electricity are fit emblems of their own effects on the whole tenor of life. For once the sensation unmistakably resembles the cause. "Killing time" will soon be an obsolete expression. The wear and tear of life now—the efforts we *must* make, so strong is the stream we are sailing down, to overtake time, are so absorbing that all the strength which formerly enriched the emotional and contemplative side of human nature is needed for *that*; and even supposing (which does not seem the fact) that the emotions and the intellect have preserved a constant relation to each other, there would be no chance of equal manifestations of sentiment. It is only those of larger and wider natures than ordinary that can now afford so to spend their energies.

But though our author deeply feels the over-hurry of life, and the exhausting demand on every part of our nature, speaking thus of it: "I sometimes fancy that the rush from the provinces to London causes so much stimulus to imagination and feeling that both succumb, unequal to the demand made upon both. London, with its almost miraculous activities, is enough to overwork the most vivid feelings. Would you pity? The heart faints under the load of misery—misery both manifest and obscure—in the near neighborhood of its luxurious home. Would you admire? What ever-growing astonishments of man's achieving are here continually surpassing all that was previously known."—Though she feels and speaks thus, she is no foolish calumniator of our "wondrous mother-age." She looks back, indeed, with a tenderness not unmingled with regret, on the childhood of man; but there is not a trace of that narrowness which hates new things because they are new, there is not a single unfair sentence in the book—no slight praise; for how few of

us can be very earnest and yet quite just. But we do think that she hardly appreciates our own times as they deserve. Will not this century show nobly in the eyes of future generations, if this frame of things last long enough, as, in spite of prophetic calculations, seems not unlikely? Surely, all men should love their own age best, as the time in which *they* are called to do God's will; and we, especially, on whom the days of awakening and refreshing are come. We have lost ease, it is true, and we do not yet quite know what to do with the manifold new and increased forces we have, by God's grace, made ours; but doubtless our restlessness, greater, probably, than any of any other age, will lead at last to a better rest than the rest of ignorance and soul slothfulness we had before,—a better rest if not for ourselves, at least for those who will come after us. It is harder to live (comfortably) now than it was in the last century; but who would go back to that time? And even the noblest of past ages would, if we could try them for ourselves, seem quite as faulty as ours seem to us now. There is a natural tendency to lament former times; it may be a beautiful and reverent feeling, which makes us love the present all the better for loving the past so well; or it may be only a fair-seeming treachery to the age, which, like our native country, we ought to love best, whether we do or no. It is possible to inquire "Why the old times were better than the new?" till we miss the good in both.

Our author, in tracing the "Decline of Sentiment" through all the passions, makes one signal exception, remarking thereon so wisely that we should like to quote the passage entire, but for its length. The exception is, of course, the benevolence which springs from pity. This has so strengthened of late that it sometimes threatens to absorb the whole nature, and so to end by overreaching itself; for we were made no more to be the creatures of one passion than of one idea. But it is upon another aspect of this question that our author seems to us so peculiarly admirable. While thankfully recognizing the great and blessed work so many are now helping in, she suggests a fear lest the very largeness of our charity should virtually narrow it—lest the contemplation of "the Field of the World" should make us careless of the single ears we may glean here and there. We are warned not to forget the part while looking

at the whole, nor to undervalue those small opportunities of doing good which all who seek may find, because our utmost efforts are but as a drop in the ocean. We must often remind ourselves that the world is made up of units. No doubt the newly-awakened interest in, and realization of, *humanity*, is a great cause of the "Decline of Sentiment" among us; we have no feelings left for anything else. Those who live in large towns have enough to do to keep any sensibility at all alive. We are very much in danger of getting used to the misery we see so often.

The "world" cannot any longer be a vague sound to us. We have all seen something and heard more of its sin and misery, and we know that the worst we know is better than the whole truth. The newspapers are chiefly records of crime, public or private. A week in the streets of London is more wearying to the heart than refreshing to the body. And we know that every instance of degradation and suffering we see is but one of ten thousand others that we do not see. A sort of spiritual paralysis comes over us in thinking of these things. Hope is the "anchor of our souls;" but how hardly can one keep hopeful in London! Sometimes, indeed, the very depth of our despair drives us to hope. We must hope or die. We know that behind our wealthy thoroughfares and stately squares are dens where children, who might have been like those we shelter so tenderly, are taught to lie and steal more carefully than we teach our dear little ones the holiest truths. Long acquaintance with such things as these deadens the sympathies too often, till those who began by driving away the uncomfortable thoughts suggested by an importunate beggar, end by reading of a nation's death-struggle with no more emotion than they would read an advertisement; in self-defence they have shut up their hearts. It is not the noblest way,—in the end not even the happiest; but those who only half enjoy their good things, for thinking of their brethren who have need, will perceive much excuse for it, and chiefly pity, knowing that, as our author says, if the "sufferings which accompany want of feeling could be known to any one, who, with a warmer temperament, was ready to blame severely the hardness of a cold heart, censure would be hushed by the most profound pity." She quotes, in illustration, Nathaniel Hawthorne's story

of the man who had no feeling,—that story whose words fall like slowly-gathering snow in a December twilight.

But our space warns us to leave the rest of this essay (which needs neither praise nor explanation of ours), and briefly to notice the last article, on "Disappointment in the Religious World." It begins by noticing the dearth of epic poetry, from which we so contentedly suffer. Many reasons for this are excellently set forth at too great length for quotation, but which may be briefly summed up in this: that in the nineteenth century "all the world are falcons," or think they are, and so eagles are less run after than formerly.

Of course, the same causes which have led to the undue predominance of the intellect over the emotions operate here. Man was constituted for action and passion; but the tendency now is to divorce action from passion, in the vain hope of giving the former greater liberty. Another reason for the modern neglect of epic poetry may be found in the many vents for every impulse and feeling in a bookmaking age. The hero-worship which produced an epic when concentrated in a single mind is now disburdened in the hundreds of memoirs of little-great people, which crowd our libraries and advertising columns. We venture to think that our author overlooks the fact that epic poetry, worthy the name, has been rare in every age; none has produced more than two or three. Nor are we utterly destitute even of an epic: not to mention our earliest national story, told at last, and in the spirit, if not quite in the form, of an epic, we have "Aurora Leigh," which may surely be called a domestic epic. We do not agree with our author in calling this last "a failure." We imagine that those who speak thus would be puzzled to tell what difference of treatment would have made it a success; and we think, too, that such cavillers often take just that disproportionate view of things that Romney Leigh took before he knew better.

If it be replied that the subject, being impossible, should never have been attempted at all, we must deny that conclusion also, conceiving it to be the particular business of poets to lead such "forlorn hopes" in all ages; for by a poet we understand, not one who can elegantly discourse of things that nobody thought of before, but one who feels

and can say what other men feel but cannot say.

Perceiving a connection between this declining interest in individuals, and the tendency to generalize which is taking its place, and the not always truly stated duty of "renouncing" the world, the author proceeds to the immediate subject of the essay. Her protest against the unnaturalness of too much of both our theory and practice in religion can hardly be overrated. When religion is so often represented as a mysterious engrafture on life and character, and as *by nature* entirely repugnant to man, when it is talked of as though it were an isolated principle, whose operation is chiefly restrictive, instead of as the natural basis of all true character and all true love, it is pleasant to find such sentences as these:—

"A neglect or contempt of this transient existence is quite as ungodlike as it is inhuman."

"Can it be the will of God that the perfecting of earthly things should be set aside in anticipation of the heavenly, or because this beautiful world is transitory, compared to the world to come, are we to renounce all delight in it as a deceitful snare?"

"It seems to me impossible that, when human nature is already so marred with sin, we should render it a more acceptable offering to the Maker by perverting its blameless instincts and crushing its natural powers. How can desolation and ruin be pleasing in his sight?"—Pp. 108-9.

How indeed? It is considered pious by a large class of good people to say that "there is nothing worth living for in this world;" that all its pleasures are empty, and its beauty unreal. We even complain in our prayers of the "vileness" of those bodies which God has been pleased to give us, and of the unfitness for immortal souls of that life he has appointed for us here. Yet we think we believe in a God who is "Maker of all things, visible and invisible," though we are thus attributing the works of his hands to the devil. And yet no one of us can live this life, all unworthy of us as it is, even according to our own thoughts of perfection. But it cannot be that a world where God's will may be done is too humble an arena for immortal energies; and the world which he has made, and the life, so rich in possible joys, and still more blessed sorrows, may possess more realities than we imagine, if we will condescend to look for them.

There are many other points which we might notice. The book is full of innumera-

ble suggestions; but more than enough has been said to show the kind of book we have here. The whole tenor of this third essay tends to show that religion should possess all our nature, and not excite one part into morbid action while it cripples the rest. It should be a positive principle, not a mere code of restrictions. Let us not forge Christ's liberty into fetters for our souls. One chief source of our religious mistake is, our inveterate belief that we can somehow or other save ourselves, or, at least, have a share in our salvation. This persuasion has been hunted through all religions, but in each successive one it comes to life again; its deadly wound is healed again and again, and we are caught by it unawares. We are fond of saying that the Church of Rome teaches justification by works,—a charge only true in part; we teach justification by faith, and remove Christ away from us into the heavens by our Protestant doctrinal mediators, as far as ever Romanists can by the Virgin and the Saints. Christ, not faith, is the Redeemer of the world. Our favorite Protestant doctrine is fast becoming that very heresy we left the communion of Rome to escape from. Its consequences may be seen in the tone of our religious memoirs; and especially in the private diaries often so shamelessly exposed in them. These consequences are a morbid self-observation, as far removed from humble self-distrust as can well be, and a perpetual restlessness and uncertainty. We are always talking and singing about the coldness of our love to God; always afraid we do not feel enough, believe enough, to be Christians. If we would but leave off considering ourselves, and turn to Christ instead; if we would think most that Christ loves us, we should find his love a surer foundation than ours. Until then we shall always be trying to bribe God with artificial feelings, exactly as our Roman Catholic ancestors bribe him with penances and good works. Then we shall not need the false humility, which consists in not knowing its own mind, and which gains a reputation far more than ordinary piety, by saying it is not sure that it loves God at all. There is much talk now of apostolic precedent; we have no example of such uncertain affection there; even Saint Peter dared to say he loved, without the least appearance of modern misgivings—and, unless the love we owe to God differ entirely from the love we owe to man, it is probable, from analogy, that if we do not know, upon consideration, whether we love God, we do indeed not love him much.

It must have struck most reflecting persons, that the religion very often set forth in sermons and religious (particularly in devotional) works will not do for such a world as

this. It is founded on the merest *idolum rostri*, the theological idea of a wicked world, very different from this actual world of spiritual and physical wickedness. Who has not felt the tremendous inadequacy and inconsequence of much religious talk? We ask for bread, and receive what was once a living truth, but is now only a dead doctrine. To those who have felt this, this book will be like the opening of a window to one shut in a musty room. Life is here looked at by eyes which "desire the truth," by one who has felt the things she speaks of. She has also learnt that most difficult art,—how to blame with discriminating justice. She can understand how people came to believe the absurdities and commit the sins which only astonish dabblers in human life, and she freely recognizes the every-day violated law, that no one who cannot thus transport himself to another's point of view, and, *seeing how he sees*, perceive the origin of his error, has any right to judge the wrong-doer. The author is not of those who begin a fierce condemnation by confessing that they do not understand the thing they are going to condemn. A singular conscientiousness marks every page of the book; and the author is evidently afraid of being too partial to her own views,—as sufficiently uncommon fear. There is no prejudice, no one-sidedness, no inferring what may not be from what is. Truth is looked for through a singularly undistorted medium. Full allowance is made for all; and there is a wonderful avoidance of extremes. The folly of teaching that it does not matter what a man believes, is as much shunned as the worse folly of teaching that pure deeds are worthless, unless the doer hold the right creed. It is a wise book, sober and self-restrained, but not passionless; there is, here and there, a sudden and noiseless overflow of emotion, like the sudden rise and fall of waters in a spring. Nor is humor wanting: a delicate half-smile gleams now and then through the graver moods. More than enough has been said of the matter of these essays; sit is not easy to characterize their manner. Perhaps *transparent* is the best word to qualify both the thoughts and the style, though the latter would be still better described as no style at all. The three essays, amidst all their difference, are bound together by a unity of purpose, like that which holds the three parts of a sonata. The length of this review is a proof of the suggestiveness of the book. We earnestly recommend all persons considering what they shall read next to discover for themselves whether we have praised it too highly, assuring those who (commendably) dread "dry" books, that this one will interest them a great deal more than the very dry light literature they try to think interesting.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

As I walked in the grass-green alleys
Where fringes of beech-trees grow,
I thought of the close-cut lindens,
And the fishes of Fontainebleau,
The lazy fins of the old gray carp,
Almost too idle to eat their bread,
And the turreted roofs, so fine and sharp,
Cutting into the blue sky overhead.
The suites of rooms, both large and small,
And the lofty gloom of St. Louis's Hall,
Mirrored again in the shining floor;
And the thick walls pierced for the crusted door,
With traceried panels and ponderous lock,
Which opens heavily, shuts with shock,
If the hand unwarily lets it fall.
The great square courts are still as the grave,
Once so joyous with hunting horn,
When the princely hunter, eager and brave,
Rode to the chase at the first of morn.
The grand old courts of Francis the First,
Neither the ugliest nor the worst
Of that kingly race who hunted the deer
All day long in the forest wide,
Which stretches for miles on every side.
Music and feasting closed the day,
When the king was tired with his hunting play,
And had chased the deer to his heart's desire,
Where the sunshine glows, like soft green fire,
Under the trees in the month of May.

We were there in the month of May,
When the quaint inn garden was filled with
flowers:

Roses and lilies are passed away,
And I write in the dark December hours.
But I will not believe (and a woman, you know,
Will never believe against her will!)
That there ever is snow at Fontainebleau.
I fancied then, I will hold it to still,
That place of the ancient kings doth wear
A sort of enchanted fairy-tale air;
And that roses blossom the whole year through,
And soft green sunshine glows on the dew;
That the breath of the forest is soft and sweet;
That dulcimers play in the open street,
And the people actually waltz to the sound,
Like the queer little folks that turn round and
round

In the travelling organs you chance to meet.

At Fontainebleau, in the month of May,
You just might fancy some amiable gnome,
Or intelligent fairy, had whisked you away!
A thousand miles from your northern home,
And planted you safe on the hills near Rome.
It only wanted the olive-trees,
And the purple breadth of the southern seas,—
Only a few little things of the kind,
To make you doubly sure in your mind.
For there were the roses and there the skies,
And the wonderful brightness to fill your eyes,
And the people singing and dancing away,
As if constantly making a scene in a play.
And there was the moon when the sun went down,
And in silver and black she clothed the town,
As if half masked for a holiday!
Then the Royal Chapel of Fontainebleau
Is Roman quite in its taste, you know;

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXV. 1170

Exceedingly white and gold and red,
With a legion of cherubim overhead.
But there the innermost heart is moved,—
Not by sculptured or painted frieze,—
But by thoughts of a life perfumed with prayer
Of a saintly woman who worshipped there,
The wife of Louis the Well-beloved,
And mother of Madame Louise.

And then the Forest! What pen shall paint
The gates of brickwork, solid and quaint,
Which open on it from every side;
And the sweeping circles whose vistas wide
Narrow away to a point of space,
Like the rays of a star from its central place.
Wherever you turn, it is just the same,
Whither you go or whence you came,
To the right, to the left, behind, before,
An ocean of trees for six leagues and more.
From the brow of the rocks (all purple and green,
Or damply shining with silver sheen)
You see what looks like a mystical floor,
A glorious level of green and gray,
Till the uttermost distance melts away,
Where satyrs and fauns might nimbly play,
Swinging along by the tops of the trees,
Like dolphins out on the crested seas.

And where the Forest is melting away,
And drops to the brink of the winding Seine,
A vine-clad village, open and gay,
Tempted our feet,—but our quest was vain.
We eagerly knocked,—but polite despair
Opened the gate of the *porte-cochere*,
And a chorus of quadruped, white and brown,
Barked affirmative, "Gone to town,"
With affable bursts of French *bow-wow*
(As part of the family they knew how!);
So we gazed at the house through that *porte-*
cochere,

With its tall new tower so straight and fair,
Its mouldings of brickwork quaint and free,
And under the date, a firm "R. B."*

Oh, royal Forest of Fontainebleau,
Be kind, be kind to this artist dear;
And if (which I don't believe!) you've snow,
Be silver-fretted, be crystal clear.
Be tender, O Spring, to her gentle kine,
To her lambs with coats so close and fine,
To the king of the herd, with horned brow,
To her rough-haired dogs, with their wise bow-wow;
Nurture them, comfort them, give your best
To the family friends of your famous guest.
Thou, rose-clad Summer, temper your beams
With leaping fountains and gurgling streams.
Autumn, ripen your largest grapes,
Of richest color and moulded shapes.
Rain, fall soft on her garden bower;
Sunshine, melt on the bricks of her tower;
Nature and art, alike bestow
Blessing and beauty on Fontainebleau!

—Good Words. BESSIE R. PARKES.

* Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur has established
herself in a charming village on the outskirts of
the Forest of Fontainebleau. Her house is old, but
she has built on to it a handsome tower, of which we
are told that the upper story contains her studio,
and the lower affords a home for various favorite
animals.

PART V.—CHAPTER XIII.

"THE question is, will ye go or will ye stay?" said big Colin of Ramore; "but for this, you and me might have had a mair serious question to discuss. I see a providence in it for my part. You're but a callant; it will do you nae harm to wait; and you'll be in the way of seeing the world at—what do they call the place? If your mother has nae objections, and ye see your ain way to accepting, I'll be very well content. It's awfu' kind o' Sir Thomas after the way ye've rejected a' his advances; but, no doubt he's heard that you got on gey weel, on the whole, at your ain college," said the farmer, with a little complacency. They were sitting late over the breakfast-table, the younger boys looking on with eager eyes, wondering over Colin's wonderful chances, and feeling severely the contrast of their own lot, who had to take up the ready etchel and the "piece," which was to occupy their healthful appetites till the evening, and hurry off three miles down the loch to school. As for Archie, he had been long gone to his hard labor on the farm, and the mother and father and the visitor were now sitting—a little committee—upon Colin's prospects, which the lad himself contemplated with a mixture of delight and defiance wonderful to see.

"It's time for the school, bairns," said the farmer's wife; "be good laddies, and dinna linger on the road either coming or going. Ye'll get apples apiece in the press. I couldna give ony advice, if you ask me," said the mistress, looking at her son with her tender eyes: "Colin, my man, it's no for me nor your father either to say one thing or another—it's you that must decide—it's your ain well-being and comfort and happiness."—Here the mistress stopped short with an emotion which nobody could explain; and at which even Colin, who had the only clew to it, looked up out of his own thoughts, with a momentary surprise.

"Hoot," said the farmer; "you're aye thinking of happiness, you women. I hope the laddie's happiness doesna lie in the power of a year's change one way or another. I canna see that it will do him any harm—especially after what he was saying last night—to pause awhile and take a little thought; and here's the best opportunity he could well have. But he doesna say anything himself—and if you're against it, Colin, speak out.

It's your concern, most of all, as your mother says."

"The callant's in a terrible swither," said Lauderdale, with a smile,—“he'll have it, and he'll no have it. For one thing, it's an awfu' disappointment to get your ain way just after you've made up your mind that you're an injured man; and he's but a callant after all, and kens no better. For my part," said the philosopher, "I'm no fond of changing when you've once laid your plans. No man can tell what terrible difference a turn in the path may lead to. It's aye best to go straight on. But there's aye exceptions," continued Lauderdale, laying his hand on Colin's shoulder. "So far as I can see, there's no reason in this world why the callant should not stand still a moment and taste the sweetness of his lot. He's come to man's estate, and the heavens have never gloomed on him yet. There's no evil in him, that I can see," said Colin's friend, with an unusual trembling in his voice; "but for human weakness, it might have been the lad Michael or Gabriel, out of heaven, that's been my companion these gladsome years. It may be but sweetness and blessing that's in store for him. I know no reason why he shouldna pause while the sun's shining, and see God's meaning. It cannot be but good."

The lad's friend who understood him best stopped short, like his mother, with something in his throat that marred his utterance. Why was it? Colin looked up with the sunshine in his eyes, and laughed with a little annoyance, a little impatience. He was no more afraid of his lot, nor of what the next turn in the path would bring, than a child is who knows no evil. Life was not solemn, but glorious; a thing to be conquered and made beautiful, to his eyes. He did not understand what they meant by their faltering and their fears.

"I feel, on the whole, disposed to accept Sir Thomas's offer," said the young prince. "It is no favor, for I am quite able to be his boy's tutor, as he says; and I see nothing particularly serious in it either," the young man went on; "most Scotch students stop short sometime and have a spell of teaching. I have been tutor at Ardmartin; I don't mind being tutor at Wodensbourne. I would not be dependent on Sir Thomas Frankland or any man," said Colin; "but I am glad to labor for myself, and free you, father. I know

you have been willing to keep me at college; but you have plenty to do for Archie and the rest; and now it is my turn; I may help myself and them too," cried the youth, glad to disguise in that view of the matter the thrill of delight at his new prospects, which came from a very different source. "It will give us a little time, as you say, to think it all over," he continued, after a momentary pause, and turned upon his mother with a smile. "Is there anything to look melancholy about?" said Colin, turning back from his forehead the clouds of his brown hair.

"Oh, no, no, God forbid!" said the mistress, "nothing but hope and the blessing of God;" but she turned aside from the table, and began to put away some of the things by way of concealing the tears that welled up to her tender eyes, though neither she nor any one for her could have told why.

"Never mind your mother," said the farmer, "though it's out of the common to see a cloud on her face when there's no cloud to speak of on the sky. But women are aye having freits and fancies. I think it's the wisest thing ye can do to close with Sir Thomas's proposal, mysel'. I wouldna say but you'll see a good deal o' the world," said the farmer, shrewd but ignorant; "not that I'm so simple as to suppose that an English gentleman's country-seat will bring you to onything very extraordinary in the way of company; but still, that class of folk is wonderfully connected, and ye might see mair there in a season than you could here in a lifetime. It's time I were looking after Archie and the men," said big Colin; "it's no often I'm so late in the morning. I suppose you'll write to Sir Thomas yourself, and make a' the arrangements. Ye can say we're quite content, and pleased at his thoughtfulness. If that's no to your mind, Colin, I'm sorry for it; for a man should be aye man enough to give thanks when thanks are due." With this last admonition big Colin of Ramore took up his hat and went off to his fields. "I wish the callant didna keep a grudge," he said to himself, as he went upon his cheerful way. "If he were to set up in rivalry wi' young Frankland!" but with the thought a certain smile came upon the father's face. He, too, could not refrain from a certain contempt of the baronet's dainty son; and there was scarcely any limit to his pride and confidence in his boy.

The mistress occupied herself in putting things to rights in the parlor long after her husband had gone to the fields. She thought Lauderdale, too, wanted to be alone with Colin; and, with natural jealousy, could not permit the first word of counsel to come from any lips but her own. The mistress had no baby to occupy her in these days; the little one whom she had on her bosom at the opening of this history, who bore her own name and her own smile, and was the one maiden blossom of her life, had gone back to God who gave her; and, when her boys were at school, the gentle woman was alone. There was little doing in the dairy just then, and Mrs. Campbell had planned her occupations so as to have all the time that was possible to enjoy her son's society. So she had no special call upon her time this morning, and lingered over her little businesses, till Lauderdale, who would fain have said his say, strayed out in despair, finding no room for him. "When you've finished your letter, Colin, you'll find me on the hill," he said as he went out; and could not refrain from a murmur in his own mind at the troublesome cares of "thae women." "They're sweet to see about a house, and the place is hame where they are," said the philosopher to himself with a sigh; "but oh, such fykes as they were their hearts on!" The mistress's "fykes," however, were over when the stranger left the house. She came softly to Colin's table, where he was writing, and sat down beside him. As for Colin, he was so much absorbed in his letter that he did not observe his mother; and it was only when he lifted his head to consider a sentence, and found her before him, that he woke up, with a little start, out of that more agreeable occupation, and asked, "Do you want me?" with a look of annoyance which went to the mistress's heart.

"Yes, Colin, I want you just for a moment," said his mother. "I want to speak to you of this new change in your life. Your father thinks nothing but it's Sir Thomas Frankland you're going to, to be tutor to his boy; but, oh, Colin, I ken better! It's no the fine house and the new life that lights such light in my laddie's eye. Colin, listen to me. She's far above you in this world, though it's no to be looked for that I could think any woman was above you; but she's a lady with mony wooers, and you're but a poor man's son. Oh, Colin, my man! dinna

gang near that place, nor put yourself in the way of evil, if you havena some confidence either in her or yoursel'. Do you think you can see her day by day and no break your heart; or do you think she's worthy of a heart to be thrown away under her feet? Or, oh, my laddie! tell me this first of a',—do you think you could ask her, or she could consent, to lose fortune and grandeur for your sake? Colin, I'm no joking; it's awfu' earnest, whatever you may think. Tell me if you've any regard for your mother, or wish her any kind of comfort the time you're away?"

This Mrs. Campbell said with tears shining in her eyes, and a look of entreaty in her face, which Colin had hard ado to meet. But the lad was full of his own thoughts, and impatient of the interruption which detained him.

"I wish I knew what you meant," he said, pettishly. "I wish you would not talk of—people who have nothing to do with my poor little concerns. Surely, I may be suffered to engage in ordinary work like other people," said Colin. "As for the lady you speak"—

And here the youth paused, with a natural smile lurking at the corners of his lips,—a smile of youthful confidence and self-gratulation. Not for a kingdom would the young hero have boasted of any look or word that had inspired him; but he would not deny himself the delicious consciousness that she must have had something to do with this proposal—that it must have been her suggestion, or at least supported, seconded by her. Only through her intimation could her uncle have known that he was tutor at Ard-martin, and the thought that it was she herself who was taking what maidenly means she could for their speedy reunion was too sweet to Colin's heart to be breathed in words, even if he could have done it without a betrayal of his hopes.

"Ay, Colin, the lady," said his mother; "you say no more in words, but your eye smiles and your mouth, and I see the flush on your cheek. She's bonnie and sweet and fair-spoken, and I canna think she means ony harm; but, oh, Colin, my man, mind what a difference in this world! You've nothing to offer her like what she's been used to," said the innocent woman, "and if I was to see my son come back breaking his heart for ane

that was above his reach, and that mightna be worthy"—said the mistress, with her eyes full of tears. She could not say any more, partly because she had exhausted herself, partly because Colin rose from the table with a flush of excitement, which made his mother tremble.

"Worthy of me!" said the young man, with a kind of groan, "worthy of me! Mother, I don't think you know what you are saying. I am going to Wodensbourne, whatever happens. It may be for good or for evil; I can't tell; but I am going, and you must ask me no further questions,—not on this point. I am to be tutor to Sir Thomas Frankland's boy," said Colin, coming back with the smile in his eyes. "Nothing more—and what could happen better to a poor Scotch student? He might have had a Cambridge man, and he chooses me. Let me finish my letter, mother, dear."

"He wouldna get many Cambridge men, or any other men, like my boy," said the mother, half reassured; and she rearranged with her hands, that trembled a little, the writing-desk, which Colin's hasty movements had thrust out of the way.

"Ah, mother, but a Scotch university does not count for the same as an English one," said Colin, with a smile and a sigh; "it is not for my gifts Sir Thomas has chosen me," he added, a little impatiently taking up his pen again. What was it for? That old obligation of Harry Frankland's life saved, which Colin had always treated as a fiction? or the sweet influence of some one who knew that Colin loved her? Which was it? If the youth determined it should be the last, could anybody wonder? He bent his head again over his paper, and wrote, with his heart beating high, that acceptance which was to restore him to her society. As for the mistress, she left her son, and went about her homely business, wiping some tears from her eyes. "I kenna what woman could close her heart," she said to herself, with a little sob, in her ignorance and innocence. "Oh, if she's only worthy!" but, for all that, the mother's heart was heavy within her, though she could not have told why.

The letter was finished and sealed up before Colin joined his friend on the hillside, where Lauderdale was straying about with his hands in his pockets, breathing long sighs into the fresh air, and unable to restrain, or account

for, his own restlessness and uneasiness. One of those great dramas of sunshine and shadow, which were familiar to the Holy Loch, was going on just then among the hills, and the philosopher had made various attempts to interest himself in those wonderful alternations of gloom and light, but without avail. Nature, which is so full of interest when the heart is unoccupied, dwindles and grows pale in presence of the poorest human creature who throws a shadow into her sunshine. Not all those wonderful gleams of light—not all those clouds, driven wildly like so many gigantic phantoms into the solemn hollows, could touch the heart of the man who was trembling for his friend. Lauderdale roused himself up when Colin came to him, and met him cheerfully. "So you've written your letter?" he said, "and accepted the new turn in your fortune? I thought as much by your eye."

"You did not need to consult my eye," said Colin, gayly. "I said as much. But I must walk down to the loch a mile or two to meet the postman. Will you come? Let us take the good of the hills," said the youth, with his heart running over. "Who can tell when we may be here again together? I like this autumn weather, with its stormy colors; and I suppose now my fortune, as you call it, will lead me to a flat country—that is, for a year or two at least."

"Ay," said Lauderdale, with a kind of groan; "that is how the world appears at your years. Who can tell when we may be here again together? Who can tell, laddie, what thoughts may be in our hearts when we are here again? I never have any security myself, when I leave a place, that I'll ever dare to come back," said the meditative man. "The innocent fields might have a cruel aspect, as if God had cursed them, and, for anything I know, I might hate the flowers that could bloom, and the sun that could shine, and had no heart for my trouble. No that you understand what I'm meaning, but that's the way it affects a man like me."

"What are you thinking of?" cried Colin, with a little dismay. "One would fancy you saw some terrible evil approaching. Of course the future is uncertain, but I am not particularly alarmed by anything that appears to me. What are you thinking of, Lauderdale? Your own career?"

"Oh, ay, just my ain career," said Laur-

dale, with a smile; "such a career to make a work about! though I am just as content as most men. I mind when my ain spirit was whiles uplifted as yours is, laddie; it's *that* that makes a man think. It comes natural to the time of life, like the bright eye and the bloom on the cheek," said Colin's friend; "and there's no sentence of death in it either, if you come to that," he went on to himself after a pause. "Life holds on—it aye holds on—a hope mair or less makes little count. And without the agony and the struggle, never man that was worth calling man came to his full stature." All this Lauderdale kept saying to himself as he descended the hillside, leaping here and there over a half-concealed streamlet, and making his way through the withered ferns and the long, tangled streamers of the bramble, which caught at him as he passed. He was not so skilful in overcoming these obstacles as Colin, who was to the manner born; and he got a little out of breath as he followed the lad, who, catching his monologue by intervals in the descent, looked at the melancholy philosopher with his young eyes, which laughed, and did not understand.

"I wonder what you are thinking of," said Colin. "Not of me, certainly; but I see you are afraid of something, as if I were going to encounter a great danger. Lauderdale," said the lad stopping and laying his head on his friend's arm for one confidential moment, "whatever danger there is, I *have* encountered it. Don't be afraid for me."

"I was saying nothing about you, callant," said Lauderdale, pettishly. "Why should I aye be thinking of you? A man has more things to consider in this life than the vagaries of a slip of a laddie, that doesna see where he's bound for. I'm thinking of things far out of your way," said the philosopher; "of disappointments and heart-breaks, and a' the eclipses that are invisible to common e'en. I've seen many in my day. I've seen a trifling change that made no difference to the world quench a' the light and a' the comfort out of life. There's more things in heaven or earth than were ever dreamed of at your years. And whiles a man wonders how, for very pity, God can stay still in his heavens and look on"—

Colin could not say anything to the groan with which his friend broke off. He was troubled and puzzled, and could not make it out. They went on together along the white

line of road, on which, far off in the distance, the youth already saw the postman whom he was hastening to meet; and, busy as he was with his own thoughts, Colin had already forgotten to inquire what his companion referred to, when his attention, which had wandered completely away from this perplexing tale, was suddenly recalled again by the voice at his side.

"I'm speaking like a man that cannot see the end," said Lauderdale, "which is clear to Him if there's any meaning in life. You're for taking your chance and posting your letter, laddie? and you ken nothing about any nonsense that an old fool like me may be maundering? For one thing there's aye plenty to divert the mind in this country," said the philosopher, with a sigh, and stood still at the foot of the long slope they had just descended, looking with a wistful, abstract look upon the loch and the hills; at which change of mood Colin could not restrain himself, but with ready boyish mirth laughed aloud.

"What has this country to do with it all? You are in a very queer mood to-day, Lauderdale,—one moment as solemn and mysterious as if you knew of some great calamity, and the next talking of the country. What do you mean, I wonder?" said the lad. His wonder was not very deep, but stirred lightly in the heart which was full of so many wishes and ambitions of its own. With that letter in his hand, and that new life before him, how could he help but look at the lonely man by his side with a half-divine compassion?—a man to whom life offered no prizes, and scarcely any hopes. He was aware in his heart that Lauderdale was anxious about himself, and the thought of that unnecessary solicitude moved Colin half to laughter. Poor Lauderdale,—upon whom he looked down from the elevation of his young life with the tenderest pity. He smiled upon his friend in his exaltation and superiority. "You are more inexplicable than usual to-day. I wonder what you mean?" said Colin with all the sunshine of youth and joy, defying evil forebodings, in his eyes.

"It would take a wise man to tell," said Lauderdale; "I would not pretend, for my own part, to fathom what any fool might mean—much less what I mean myself, that have glimmerings of sense at times. Yon

sunshine's awfu' prying about the hills. Light's aye inquisitive, and would fain be at the bottom of every mystery, which is, maybe, the reason," said the speculative observer, "why there's nae grandeur to speak of, nor meaning, according to mortal notions, without clouds and darkness. Yonder's your postman, callant. Give him the letter and be done with it. I whiles find myself wondering how it is that we take so little thought to God's meanings,—what ye might call his lighter meanings,—his easy verses and such-like, that are thrown about the world, in the winds and the sky. To be sure, I ken just as well as you do that it's currents of air, and masses of vapor and electricity, and all the rest of it. It's awfu' easy learning the words, but will you tell me there's no meaning to a man's heart and soul in the like of that?" said Colin's companion stopping suddenly with a sigh of impatience and vexation, which had to do with something more vital than the clouds. Just then, nature truly seemed to have come to a pause, and to be standing still, like themselves, looking on. The sky that was so blue and broad a moment since had contracted to a black vault over the Holy Loch. Blackness that was positive and not a mere negative frowned out of all the half-disclosed mysterious hollows of the hills. The leaves that remained on the trees thrilled with a spasmodic shiver, and the little ripples came crowding up on the beach with a sighing suppressed moan of suspense and apprehension. So, at least, it seemed to one if not both of the spectators standing by.

"It means a thunder-storm, in the first place," said Colin; "look how it begins to come down in a torrent of gloom over Loch Goil. We have just time to get under shelter. It is very well for us we are so near Ramore."

"Ay"—said Lauderdale. He repeated the syllable over again and again as they hurried back. "But the time will come when we'll no be near Ramore," he said to himself as the storm reached him and dashed in his face not twenty yards from the open door. Colin's laugh, as he reached with a bound the kindly portal, was all the answer which youth and hope gave to experience. The boy was not to be discouraged on that sweet threshold of his life.

CHAPTER XIV.

WODENSBOURNE was as different from any house that Colin had ever seen before as the low, flat country, rich and damp and monotonous, was unlike the infinitely varied landscape to which his eye had been accustomed all his life. The florid upholstery of Ardmartin contrasted almost strangely with the sober magnificence of the old family house in which the Franklands had lived and died for generations, as did the simple little rooms to which Colin had been accustomed in his father's house. Perhaps, on the whole, Ramore, where everything was for use and nothing for show, was less unharmonious with all he saw about him than the equipments of the brand-new castle, all built out of new money, and gilded and lackered to a climax of domestic finery. Colin's pupil was the invalid of the family,—a boy of twelve, who could not go to Eton like his brothers, but whom the good-natured baronet thought, as was natural, the cleverest of his family. "That's why I wanted you so much, Campbell," Sir Thomas said, by way of setting Colin at ease in his new occupation; "he's not a boy to be kept to classics, isn't Charley—there's nothing that boy wouldn't master—and shut up, as he has to be, with his wretched health, he wants a little variety. I've always heard you took a wider range in Scotland; that's what I want for my boy." It was with this that the new tutor was introduced to his duties at Wodensbourne. But a terrible disappointment awaited the young man,—a disappointment utterly unforeseen. There was nobody there but Sir Thomas himself and Charley and some little ones still in the nursery. "We're all by ourselves; but you wont mind," said the baronet, who seemed to think it all the better for Colin; "my lady and Miss Matty will be home before Christmas, and you can get yourself settled comfortably in the mean time. Lady Frankland is with her sister, who is in very bad health. I don't know what people mean by getting into bad health—women, too, that can't go in for free living and that sort of thing," said Sir Thomas. "The place looks dreary without the ladies; but they'll be back before Christmas;" and he went to sleep after dinner as usual, and left the young tutor at the other side of the table sitting in a kind of stupefied amazement and mortification in the silence, wondering what he came here for, and where his hopes and brilliant anguries

had gone to. Perhaps Colin did not know what he himself meant when he accepted Sir Thomas Frankland's proposal. He thought he was coming to live in Matty's society; to be her companion; to walk with her and talk with her, as he had done at Ardmartin; but, when he arrived to find Wodensbourne deserted, with nothing to be seen but Sir Thomas and a nursery governess, who sometimes emerged with her little pupils from the unknown regions up-stairs, and was very civil to the new tutor, Colin's disappointment was overwhelming. He despised himself with a bitterness only to be equalled by the brilliancy of those vain expectations over which he laughed in youthful rage and scorn. It was not to be Matty's companion he had come; it was not to see, however far off, any portion of the great world which he could not help imagining sometimes must be visible from such an elevation. It was only to train Charley's precocious intellect, and amuse the baronet a little at dinner. After dinner, Sir Thomas went to sleep, and even Charley was out of the way, and the short, winter days closed down early over the great house, on the damp woods and silent park, which kept repeating themselves, day by day, upon Colin's wearied brain. There was not even an undulation within sight, nothing higher than the dull line of trees, which after a while it made him sick to look at. To be sure, the sunshine now and then caught upon the lofty lantern of Earie Cathedral, and by that means woke up a gleam of light on the flat country; but that, and the daily conflict with Charley's sharp invalid understanding, and the sight of Sir Thomas sleeping after dinner, conveyed no exhilaration to speak of to lighten the dismal revulsion of poor Colin's thoughts. His heart rose indignant sometimes, which did him more good. This was the gulf of dismay he tumbled into without defence or preparation after the burst of hope and foolish youthful delight with which he left Ramore.

As for the society at Wodensbourne, it was at the present moment of the most limited description. Colin, who was inexperienced, roused up out of his dulness a little when he heard that two of the canons of Earie were coming to dinner one evening. The innocent Scotch lad woke himself up, with a little curiosity about the clerical dignitaries, of whom he knew nothing, and a good deal of anxiety to comport himself as became the representa-

tive of a Scotch university, about whom he did not doubt the visitors would be a little curious. It struck Colin with the oddest surprise and disappointment, to find that the canons of Earie were perfectly indifferent about the Scotch student. The curate of the parish, indeed, who was also dining at Wodensbourne that day, was wonderfully civil to the new tutor. He told him that he understood the Scotch mountains were very near as fine as Switzerland, and that he hoped to see them some day, though the curious prejudices about Sunday and the whiskey-drinking must come very much in the way of closer intercourse; at which speech Colin's indignation and amusement would have been wonderful to see, had any one been there who cared to notice how the lad was looking. On the Sundays, Colin and his pupil went along the level ways to the quaint old mossy church, to which this same curate was devoting all his time and thoughts by way of restoration. The Scotch youth had never seen anything at once so homely and so noble as this little church in the fen-country. He thought it nothing less than a poem in stone, a pathetic old psalm of human life and death, uttering itself for ever and ever, in the tenderest, sad responses, to the worship of heaven. Never anywhere had he felt so clearly how the dead were waiting for the great Easter to come, nor seen Christianity standing so plainly between the two comings; but when Colin, with his Scotch ideas, heard the curious little sermons to which his curate gave utterance under that roof, all consecrated and holy with the sorrows and hopes of ages, it made the strangest anti-climax in the youth's thoughts. He laughed to himself when he came out, not because he was disposed to laughter, but because it was the only alternative he had; and Sir Thomas, who had a glimmering perception that this must be something new to his inexperienced guest, gave a doubtful sort of smile, not knowing how to take Colin's strange looks.

"You don't believe in saints' days, and such-like, in Scotland?" said the perplexed baronet; "and of course the sermon does not count for so much with us."

"No," said Colin; and they did not enter further into the subject.

As for the young man himself, who had still upon his mind the feeling that he was to be a Scotch minister, the lesson was the stran-

gest possible; for, being Scotch, he could not help listening to the sermon according to the usage of his nation. The curate, after he had said those passages which are all but divine in their comprehension of the wants of humanity, told his people how wonderfully their beloved Church had provided for all their wants; how sweet it was to recollect that this was the day which had been appointed the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, and how it was their duty to meditate a fact so touching and so important. Colin thought of the Holy Loch, and the minister's critics there, and laughed to himself, perhaps a little bitterly. He felt as if he had given up his own career,—the natural life to which he was born,—and at this distance the usual enchantments of nature began to work, and in his heart he asked himself what he was to gain by transferring his heart and hopes to this wealthier country, where so many things were fairer, and after which he had been hankering so long. The curate's sermons struck him as a kind of comical climax to his disappointments,—the curate who looked at himself much as he might have looked at a South-Sea Islander, and spoke of the Scotch whiskey and Scotch Sabbaths. Poor curate! He knew a great deal more than Colin did about some things, and if he did not understand how to preach, that was not the fault of his college; neither did they convey much information at that seat of learning about the northern half of the British island—no more than they did at Glasgow about the curious specimen of humanity which is known as a curate on the brighter side of the Tweed.

All these things went through Colin's mind as he sat in the dining-room after dinner, contemplating Sir Thomas's nap, which was not of itself an elevating spectacle. He thought to himself at that moment that he was but fulfilling the office of a drudge at Wodensbourne, which anybody could fill. It did not require those abilities which had won with acclamation the prize in the philosophy class to teach Charley Frankland the elements of science; and all the emulations and glories of his college career came back to Colin's mind. The little public of the university had begun to think of him; to predict what he would do, and anticipate his success at home; but here, who knew anything about him? All these thoughts came to rapid conclusions as the young man sat watching the

fire gleam in the wainscot, and calculating the recurrence of that next great snore which would wake Sir Thomas, and make him sit up of a sudden and look fiercely at his companion before he murmured out a "Beg your pardon," and went to sleep again. Not an interesting prospect certainly. Should he go home? Should he represent to the baronet, when he woke up for the night, that it had all been a mistake, and that his present office was perfectly unsuited to his ambition and his hopes? But then what could he say? for after all, it was as Charley Frankland's tutor simply, and with his eyes open, that he came to Wodensbourne, and Sir Thomas had said nothing about the society of his niece, or any other society, to tempt him thither. Colin sat in a bitterness of discontent, which would have been incredible to him a few weeks before, pondering these questions. There was not a sound to be heard, but the dropping of the ashes on the hearth, and Sir Thomas's heavy breathing as he slept. Life went on velvet slippers in the great house from which Colin would gladly have escaped (he thought) to the poorest cottage on the Holy Loch. He could not help recalling his shabby little room in Glasgow, and Lauderdale's long comments upon life, and all the talk and the thoughts that made existence bright in that miserable little place, which Sir Thomas Frankland's grooms would not have condescended to live in, but which the unfortunate young tutor thought of with longings as he sat dreary in the great dining-room. What did it matter to him that the floor was soft with Turkey carpets, that the wine on the table was of the most renowned vintages, and that his slumbering companion in the great easy-chair was the head of one of the oldest commoner families in England,—a baronet and a county member? Colin, after all, was only a son of the soil; he longed for his Glasgow attic, and his companions who spoke the dialect of that remarkable but unlovely city, and felt bitterly in his heart that he had been cheated. Yet it was hard to say to any one—hard even to put in words to himself—what the cheat was. It was a deception he had practised on himself, and in the bitterness of his disappointment the youth refused to say to himself that anybody's absence was the secret of his mortification. What was she to him?—a great lady as far out of his reach as the

moon or the stars, and who no doubt had forgotten his very name.

These were not pleasant thoughts to season the solitude; and he sat hugging them for a great many evenings before Sir Thomas awoke, and addressed, as he generally did, a few good-humored, stupid observations to the lad whom, to be sure, the baronet found a considerable bore, and did not know what to do with. Sir Thomas could not forget his obligations to the young man who saved Harry's life; and thus it was, from pure gratitude, that he made Colin miserable,—though there was no gratitude at all, nor even much respect, in the summary judgment which the youth formed of the heavy squire. This was how matters were going on when Wodensbourne and the world, and everything human, suddenly, all at once, sustained again a change to Colin. He had been thus, for six weary weeks,—during which time he felt himself getting morose, ill-tempered, and miserable, writing sharp letters home, in which he would not confess to any special disappointment, but expressed himself in general terms of bitterness like a young misanthrope, and in every respect making himself and those who cared for him unhappy. Even the verses, which did very well to express the tender griefs of sentiment, had been thrown aside at this crisis; for there was nothing melodious in his feelings, and he could not say in sweet rhymes and musical cadences how angry and wretched he was. He was sitting so one dreary December evening when it was raining fast outside and everything was silent within—as was natural in a well-regulated household where the servants knew their duty, and the nursery was half a mile away through worlds of complicated passages. Sir Thomas was asleep as usual, and, with his eyes shut and his mouth open, the excellent baronet was not, as we have already said, an elevating spectacle; and at the other end of the table, sat Colin, chafing out his young soul with such thoughts of what was not, but might have been, as youth does not know how to avoid. It was just then, when he was going over his long succession of miseries—and thinking of his natural career cut short for this dreary penance of which nothing could ever come—that Colin was startled by the sound of wheels coming up the wintry avenue. He could not venture to imagine

to himself what it might be, though he listened as if for life and death, and heard the sounds of an arrival and the indistinct hum of voices which he could not distinguish, without feeling that he had any right to stir from the table to inquire what it meant; and there he sat accordingly, with his hair thrust back from his forehead and his great eyes gleaming out from the noiseless atmosphere, when the door opened and a pretty figure, all eager and glowing with life, looked into the room. Colin was too much absorbed, too anxious, and felt too deeply how much was involved for himself to be capable even of rising up to greet her as an indifferent man would have done. He sat and gazed at her as she darted in like a fairy creature, bringing every kind of radiance in her train. "Here they are, aunty!" cried Miss Matty; and she came in flying in her cloak, with the hood still over her head and great rain-drops on it, which she had caught as she jumped out of the carriage. While Colin sat gazing at her, wondering if it were some deluding apparition, or, in reality, the new revelation of life and love that it seemed to be, Matty had thrown herself upon Sir Thomas and woke the worthy baronet by kissing him, which was a pretty sight to behold. "Here we are, uncle; wake up!" cried Matty; "my lady ran to the nursery first, but I came to you, as I always do." And the little witch looked up with a gleam at Colin, under which heaven and earth changed to the lad. He stumbled to his feet, while Sir Thomas rubbed his astonished eyes. What could Colin say? He stood waiting for a word, seeing the little figure in a halo of light and fanciful glory.

"How do you do? I knew you were here," said Miss Matty, putting out two fingers to him while she still hung over her uncle. And presently Lady Frankland came in, and the room became full of pleasant din and commotion, as was inevitable. When Colin made a move as if to leave them, fearful of being in the way, as the sensitive lad naturally was, Miss Matty called to him, "Oh, don't go, please; we are going to have tea, and my lady must be served without giving her any trouble, and I want you to help me," said Matty; and so the evening that had begun in gloom ended in a kind of subdued glory too sweet to be real. Lady Frankland sat talking to her husband of their reason for coming back so suddenly

(which was sad enough, being an unexpected death in the house: but that did not make much difference to the two women who were coming home); Matty kept coming and going between the tea-table and the fire, sending Colin on all sorts of errands, and making comments to him aside on what her aunt was saying.

"Only fancy the long, dreary drive we have had, and my uncle and Mr. Campbell making themselves so cosy," the little siren said, kneeling down before the fire with still one drop of rain sparkling on her bright locks. And the effect was such that Colin lost himself altogether, and could not have affirmed, had he been questioned on his oath, that he had not enjoyed himself greatly all the evening. He took Lady Frankland her tea, and listened to all the domestic chatter as if it had been the talk of angels; and was as pleased, when the mistress of the house thanked him for his kindness to Charley, as if he had not thought Charley a wretched little nuisance a few hours ago. He did not in the least know who the people were about whom the two ladies kept up such an unceasing talk, and, perhaps, under other circumstances would have laughed at this sweet-coined gossip, with all its lively comments upon nothing and incessant personalities; but, at the present moment, Colin had said good-by to reason, and could not anyhow defend himself against the sudden happiness which seized upon him without any notice. While Sir Thomas and his wife sat on either side of the great fire, and Matty kept darting in and out between them, Colin sat behind near the impromptu tea-table, and listened and felt that the world was changed. If he could have had time to think, he might have been ashamed of himself, but then he had no time to think, and in the mean time he was happy, a sensation not to be gainsaid or rejected; and so fled the few blessed hours of the first evening of Matty's return.

When he had gone up-stairs, and had heard at a distance the sound of the last good-night, and was fairly shut up again in the silence of his own room, the youth, for the first time, began to realize what he was doing. He paused, with a little consternation, a little fright, to question himself. For the first time, he saw clearly, without any possibility of self-delusion, what it was which had brought him here, and which made all the

difference to him between happiness and misery. It was hard to realize now the state of mind he had been in a few hours before; but he did it, by dint of a great exertion, and saw, with a distinctness which alarmed him, how it was that everything had altered in his eyes. It was Matty's presence that made all the difference between this subdued thrill of happiness and that blank of impatient and mortified misery. The young man tried to stand still and consider the reality of his position. He had stopped in his career, arrested himself in his life; entered upon a species of existence which he felt in his heart was not more, but less, noble (for him) than his previous course. And what was it for? All for the uncertain smile, for the society—which might fail him any time—of a woman so far out of his way, so utterly removed from his reach, as Matilda Frankland? For a moment, the youth was dismayed, and stopped short, Wisdom and Truth whispering in his ear. Love might be fair, but he knew enough to know that life must not be subservient to that witchery; and Colin's good angel spoke to him in the silence, and bade him flee. Better to go back, and at once, to the gray and sombre world, where all his duties awaited him, than to stay here in this fool's paradise. As he thought so, he got up, and began to pace about his room, as though it had been a cage. Best to flee; it might hide all the light out of his life and break his heart; but what else had he to look for sooner or later? He sat up half the night, still pacing about his room, hesitating upon his fate, while the December storm raged outside. What was he to do? When he dropped to sleep at last, his heart betrayed him, and strayed away into celestial worlds of dreaming. He woke, still undecided, as he thought, to see the earliest wintry gleam of sunshine stealing in through his shutters. What was he to do? But already the daylight made him feel his terrors as so many shadows. His heart was a traitor, and he was glad to find it so, and the moment of indecision settled more surely than ever the bondage in which he seemed to have entangled his life.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM that day life flew upon celestial wings for Charley Frankland's tutor. It was not that any love-making proved possible, or that

existence at Wodensbourne became at all what it had been at Ardmartin. The difference was in the atmosphere, which was now bright with all kinds of gladsome charms, and pervaded by anticipations—a charm which, at Colin's age, was more than reality. He never knew what moment of delight might come to him any day—what words might be said, or smiles shed upon him. Such an enchantment could not, indeed, have lasted very long, but, in the mean time, was infinitely sweet, and made his life like a romance to the young man. There was nobody at Wodensbourne to occupy Miss Matty, or withdraw her attention from her young worshipper; and Colin, with his poetic temperament and his youthful genius, and all the simplicities and inexperience which rendered him so different from the other clever young men who had been seen or heard of in that region, was very delightful company, even when he was not engaged in any acts of worship. Lady Frankland herself acknowledged that Mr. Campbell was a great acquisition. "He is not the least like other people," said the lady of the house; "but you must take care not to let him fall in love with you, Matty;" and both the ladies laughed softly as they sat over their cups of tea. As for Matty, when she went to dress for dinner, after that admonition, she put on tartan ribbons over her white dress, partly, to be sure, because they were in the fashion; but chiefly to please Colin, who knew rather less about tartan than she did, and had not the remotest idea that the many-colored sash had any reference to himself.

"I love Scotland," the little witch said to him when he came into the drawing-room, to which he was now admitted during Sir Thomas's nap,—and, to tell the truth, Lady Frankland herself had just closed her eyes in a gentle doze, in her easy-chair,—“but, though you are a Scotchman, you don't take the least notice of my ribbons; I am very fond of Scotland,” said Matty. “and the Scotch,” the wicked little girl added, with a glance at him, which made Colin's heart leap in his deluded breast.

“Then I am very glad to be Scotch,” said the youth, and stooped down over the end of the sash till Matty thought he meant to kiss it, which was a more decided act of homage than it would be expedient, under the circumstances, to permit.

"Don't talk like everybody else," said Miss Matty; "that does not make any difference; you were always glad to be Scotch. I know you all think you are so much better and cleverer than we are in England. But, tell me, do you still mean to be a Scotch minister? I wish you would not," said Matty, with a little pout. And then Colin laughed, half with pleasure at what he thought her interest in him, and half with a sense of the ludicrous which he could not restrain.

"I don't think I could preach about the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity," he said with a smile; which was a speech Miss Matty did not understand.

"People here don't preach as you do in Scotland," said the English girl, with a little offence. "You are always preaching, and that is what renders it so dull. But what is the good of being a minister? There are plenty of dull people to be ministers; you are so clever!"

"Am I clever?" said Colin. "I am Charley's tutor; it does not require a great deal of genius—" but while he spoke, the eyes—which Matty did not comprehend, which always went leagues further than one could see—kindled up a little. He looked a long way past her, and no doubt he saw something; but it piqued her a little not to be able to follow him, nor to search out what he meant.

"If you had done what I wished, and gone to Oxford, Campbell," said Sir Thomas, whose repose had been interrupted earlier than usual; "I can't say much about what I could have done myself, for I have heaps of boys of my own to provide for; but, if you're bent on going into the Church, something would certainly have turned up for you. I don't say there's much of a course in the Church for an ambitious young fellow, but still, if you do work well and have a few friends—As for your Scotch Church, I don't know very much about it," said the baronet, candidly. "I never knew any one who did. What a bore it used to be a dozen years ago, when there was all that row; and now, I suppose, you're all at sixes and sevens; aint you?" asked the ingenuous legislator. "I suppose whiskey and controversy go together somehow." Sir Thomas got himself perched into the corner of a sofa very comfortably, as he spoke, and took no notice of the lightning in Colin's eyes.

"Oh, uncle! don't!" said Miss Matty; "didn't you know that the Presbyterians are all going to give up and join the Church? and it's all to be the same both in England and Scotland? You need not laugh. I assure you I know quite well what I am saying," said the little beauty, with a look of dignity. "I have seen it in the papers—such funny papers!—with little paragraphs about accidents, and about people getting silver snuff-boxes!—but all the same, they say what I tell you. There's to be no Presbyterians and no precentors, and none of their wicked ways, coming into church with their hats on, and staring all round instead of saying their prayers; and all the ministers are to be made into clergymen,—priests and deacons, you know; and they are going to have bishops and proper service like other people. Mr. Campbell," said Matty, looking up at him with a little emphasis, to mark that, for once, she was calling him formally by his name, "knows it is quite true."

"Humph," said Sir Thomas. "I know better; I know how Campbell, there, looked the other day when he came out of church. I know the Scotch and their ways of thinking. Go and make the tea and don't talk of what you don't understand. But as for you, Campbell, if you have a mind for the university and to go in for the Church"—

But this was more than Colin, being twenty and a Scotchman, could bear.

"I am going in for the Church," said the lad, doing all he could to keep down the excitement at which Sir Thomas would have laughed; "but it did not in the least touch my heart the other day to know that it was the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity. Devotion is a great matter," said the young Scotchman. "I grant you have the advantage over us there; but it would not do in Scotland to preach about the Church's goodness, and what she had appointed for such or such a day. We preach very stupid sermons, I dare say; but at least we mean to teach somebody something—what God looks for at their hands, or what they may look for at his. It is more an occupation for a man," cried the young revolutionary, "than reading the sublimest of prayers. I am going in for the Church; but it is the Church of Scotland," said Colin. He drew himself up with a grand youthful dignity, which was much lost on Sir Thomas, who, for his part, looked at his new tutor

with eyes of sober wonderment, and did not understand what this emotion meant.

"There is no occasion for excitement," said the baronet; "nobody nowadays meddles with a man's convictions; indeed, Harry would say, it's a great thing to have any convictions. That is how the young men talk nowadays," said Sir Thomas; and he moved off the sofa again, and yawned, though not uncivilly. As for Miss Matty, she came stealing up when she had made the tea, with her cup in her hand.

"So you do mean to be a minister?" she said, in a half-whisper, with a deprecating look. Lady Frankland had roused up, like her husband, and the two were talking, and did not take any notice of Matty's proceedings with the harmless tutor. The young lady was quite free to play with her mouse a little, and entered upon the amusement with zest, as was natural. "You mean to shut yourself up in a square house, with five windows, like the poor gentleman who has such red hair, and never see anybody but the old women in the parish, and have your life made miserable every Sunday by that precentor."

"I hope I have a soul above precentors," said Colin, with a little laugh, which was unsteady still, however, with a little excitement; "and one might mend all that," he added a minute after, looking at her with a kind of wistful inquiry which he could not have put into words. What was it he meant to ask with his anxious eye? But he did not himself know.

"Oh, yes," said Matty, "I know what you would do: you would marry somebody who was musical, and get a little organ and teach the people better; I know exactly what you would do," said the young lady, with a piquant little touch of spite, and a look that startled Colin; and then she paused, and hung her head for a moment and blushed, or looked as if she blushed. "But you would not?" said Matty, softly, with a sidelong glance at her victim. "Don't marry anybody; no one is any good after that. I don't approve of marrying, for my part, especially for a priest. Priests should always be detached, you know, from the world."

"Why?" said Colin. He was quite content to go on talking on such a subject for any length of time. "As for marrying, it is only your rich squires and great people who can marry when they please; we who have

to make our own way in the world"—said the young man, with a touch of grandeur, but was stopped by Miss Matty's sudden laughter.

"Oh, how simple you are! As if rich squires and great people, as you say, could marry when they pleased—as if any man could marry when he pleased!" cried Miss Matty, scornfully. "After all, we do count for something, we poor women; now and then, we can put even an eldest son out in his calculations. It is great fun too," said the young lady, and she laughed, and so did Colin, who could not help wondering what special case she might have in her eye, and listened with all the eagerness of a lover. "There is poor Harry," said Miss Matty under her breath, and stopped short and laughed to herself and sipped her tea, while Colin lent an anxious ear. But nothing further followed that soft laughter. Colin sat on thorns, gazing at her with a world of questions in his face; but the siren looked at him no more. Poor Harry! Harry's natural rival was sensible of a thrill of jealous curiosity mingled with anxiety. What had she done to Harry?—this witch who had beguiled Colin—or was it, not she who had done anything to him, but some other as pretty and as mischievous? Colin had no clew to the puzzle; but it gave him a new access of half-conscious enmity to the heir of Wodensbourne.

After that talk, there elapsed a few days during which Colin saw but little of Matty, who had visits to pay, and some solemn dinner-parties to attend in Lady Frankland's train. He had to spend the evenings by himself on these occasions after dining with Charley, who was not a very agreeable companion; and when this invalid went to his room, as he did early, the young tutor found himself desolate enough in the great house, where no human bond existed between him and the little community within its walls. He was not in a state of mind to take kindly to abstract study at that moment of his existence; for Colin had passed out of that unconscious stage in which he had been at Ard-martin. Then, however much he had wished to be out of temptation, he could not help himself, which was a wonderful consolation; but now he had come wilfully and knowingly into the danger, and had become aware of the fact and, far more distinctly than ever before, of the difference between

himself and the object of his thoughts. Though he found it very possible at times to comfort himself with the thought that this was a very ordinary interruption of a Scotch student's work, and noways represented the Armida's garden in which the knight lost both his vocation and his life, there were other moments and moods which were less easily manageable; and, on the whole, he wanted the stimulus of perpetual excitement to keep him from feeling the false position he was in, and the expediency of continuing here. Though the feeling haunted him all day, at night, in the drawing-room,—which was brightened and made sweet by the fair English matron who was kind to Colin, and the fairer maiden who was the centre of all his thoughts,—it vanished like an evil spirit, and left him with a sense that nowhere in the world could he have been so well; but when this mighty stimulus was withdrawn, the youth was left in a very woful plight, conscious, to the bottom of his heart, that he ought to be elsewhere, and here was consuming his strength and life. He strayed out in the darkness of the December nights through the gloomy silent park into the little village with its feeble lights, where everybody and everything was unknown to him; and all the time his demon sat on his shoulders and asked what he did there. While he strayed through the broken, irregular village street, to all appearance looking at the dim cottage-windows and listening to the rude songs from the little ale-house, the curate encountered the tutor. Most probably the young priest, who was not remarkable for wisdom, imagined the Scotch lad to be in some danger; for he laid a kindly hand upon his arm and turned him away from the vociferous little tavern, which was a vexation to the curate's soul.

"I should like you to go up to the Parsonage with me, if you will only wait till I have seen this sick woman," said the curate; and Colin went in very willingly within the cottage-porch to wait for his acquaintance, who had his prayer-book under his arm. The young Scotchman looked on with wondering eyes, while the village priest knelt down by his parishioner's bedside and opened his book. Naturally there was a comparison always going on in Colin's mind. He was like a passive experimentalist, seeing all kinds of trials made before his eyes, and watching the result.

"I wonder if they all think it is a spell," said Colin to himself; but he was rebuked and was silent when he heard the responses which the cottage folk made on their knees. When the curate had read his prayer, he got up and said good-night, and went back to Colin; and this visitation of the sick was a very strange experience to the young Scotch observer, who stood revolving everything, with an eye to Scotland, at the cottage-door.

"You don't make use of our Common Prayer in Scotland?" said the curate. "Pardon me for referring to it. One cannot help being sorry for people who shut themselves out from such an inestimable advantage. How did it come about?"

"I don't know," said Colin. "I suppose because Laud was a fool, and King Charles a"—

"Hush, for goodness' sake," said the curate, with a shiver. "What do you mean? Such language is painful to listen to. The saints and martyrs should be spoken of in a different tone. You think that was the reason? Oh, no; it was your horrible Calvinism and John Knox and the mad influences of that unfortunate Reformation which has done us all so much harm, though I suppose you think differently in Scotland," he said, with a little sigh, steering his young companion, of whose morality he felt uncertain, past the alehouse-door.

"Did you never hear of John Knox's liturgy?" said the indignant Colin; "the saddest, passionate service! You always had time to say your prayers in England, but we had to snatch them as we could. And your prayers would not do for us now," said the Scotch experimentalist; "I wish they could; but it would be impossible. A Scotch peasant would have thought *that* an incantation you were reading. When you go to see a sick man, shouldn't you like to say, God save him, God forgive him, straight out of your heart without a book?" said the eager lad; at which question the curate looked up with wonder in the young man's face.

"I hope I do say it out of my heart," said the English priest, and stopped short, with a gravity that had a great effect upon Colin; "but in words more sound than any words of mine," the curate added a moment after, which dispersed the reverential impression from the Scotch mind of the eager boy.

"I can't see that," said Colin, quickly,

"in the church for common prayer, yes; at a bedside in a cottage, no. At least, I mean that's how we feel in Scotland, though I suppose you don't care much for our opinion," he added, with some heat, thinking he saw a smile on his companion's face.

"Oh, yes, certainly; I have always understood that there is a great deal of intelligence in Scotland," said the curate, courteous as to a South-Sea Islander. "But people who have never known this inestimable advantage? I believe preaching is considered the great thing in the North?" he said, with a little curiosity. "I wish society were a little more impressed by it among ourselves; but mere *information* even about spiritual matters is of so much less importance! though that, I dare say, is another point on which we don't agree?" the curate continued, pleasantly. He was just opening the gate into his own garden, which was quite invisible in the darkness, but which enclosed and surrounded a homely house with some lights in the windows, which, it was a little comfort to Colin to perceive, was not much handsomer, nor more imposing in appearance than the familiar manse on the borders of the Holy Loch.

"It depends on what you call spiritual matters," said the polemical youth. "I don't think a man can possibly get too much information about his relations with God, if only anybody could tell him anything; but certainly about ecclesiastical arrangements and the Christian year," said the irreverent young Scotchman, "a little might suffice;" and Colin spoke with the slightest inflection of contempt, always thinking of the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, and scorning what he did not understand, as was natural to his years.

"Ah, you don't know what you are saying," said the devout curate. "After you have spent a Christian year, you will see what comfort and beauty there is in it. You say, 'if anybody could tell him anything.' I hope you have not got into a sceptical way of thinking. I should like very much to have a long talk with you," said the village priest, who was very good and very much in earnest, though the earnestness was after a pattern different from anything known to Colin; and, before the youth perceived what was going to happen, he found himself in the curate's study, placed

on a kind of moral platform, as the emblem of Doubt and that pious unbelief which is the favorite of modern theology. Now, to tell the truth, Colin, though it may lower him in the opinion of many readers of his history, was not by nature given to doubting. He had, to be sure, followed the fashion of the time enough to be aware of a wonderful amount of unsettled questions, and questions which it did not appear possible ever to settle. But somehow these elements of scepticism did not give him much trouble. His heart was full of natural piety, and his instincts all fresh and strong as a child's. He could not help believing, any more than he could help breathing, his nature being such; and he was half amused and half irritated by the position in which he found himself, notwithstanding the curate's respect for the ideal sceptic, whom he had thus pounced upon. The commonplace character of Colin's mind was such that he was very glad when his new friend relaxed into gossip, and asked him who was expected at the Hall for Christmas; to which the tutor answered by such names as he had heard in the ladies' talk; and remembered with friendliness or with jealousy, according to the feeling with which Miss Matty pronounced them—which was Colin's only guide amid this crowd of the unknown.

"I wonder if it is to be a match," said the curate, who, recovering from his dread concerning the possible habits of his Scotch guest, had taken heart to share his scholarly potations of beer with his new friend. "It was said Lady Frankland did not like it, but I never believed that. After all it was such a natural arrangement. I wonder if it is to be a match?"

"Is what to be a match?" said Colin, who all at once felt his heart stand still and grow cold, though he sat by the cheerful fire which threw its light even into the dark garden outside. "I have heard nothing about any match," he added, with a little effort. It dawned upon him instantly what it must be, and his impulse was to rush out of the house, or do anything rash and sudden that would prevent him from hearing it said in words.

"Between Henry Frankland and his cousin," said the calm curate; "they looked as if they were perfectly devoted to each other at one time. That has died off, for she is

rather a flirt, I fear; but all the people herabouts had made up their minds on the subject. It would be a very suitable match on the whole. But why do you get up? You are not going away?"

"Yes; I have something to do when I go home," said Colin, "something to prepare," which he said out of habit, thinking of his old work at home, without remembering what he was saying, or whether it meant anything. The curate put down the poker which he had lifted to poke the fire, and looked at Colin with a touch of envy.

"Ah, something literary, I suppose?" said the young priest, and went with his new friend to the door, thinking how clever he was, and how lucky, at his age, to have a literary connection; a thought very natural to a young priest in a country curacy with a very small endowment. The curate wrote verses, as Colin himself did, though on very different subjects, and took some of them out of his desk, and looked at them, after he had shut the door, with affectionate eyes, and a half intention of asking the tutor what was the best way to get admission to the magazines, and on the whole he thought he liked what he had seen of the young Scotchman, though he was so ignorant of Church matters—an opinion which Colin perfectly reciprocated, with a more distinct sentiment of compassion for the English curate, who knew

about as much of Scotland as if it had lain in the South Seas.

Meanwhile Colin walked home to Wodensbourne with fire and passion in his heart. "It would be a very suitable match on the whole," he kept saying to himself, and then tried to take a little comfort from Matty's sweet laughter over "Poor Harry!" Poor Harry was rich and fortunate and independent, and Colin was only the tutor. Were these two to meet this Christmas-time, and contend over again on this new ground? He went along past the black trees as if he were walking for a wager; but, quick as he walked, a dog-cart dashed past him with lighted lamp gleaming up the avenue. When he reached the hall-door, one of the servants was disappearing up-stairs with a portmanteau, and a heap of coats and wrappers lay in the hall.

"Mr. Harry just come, sir—a week sooner than was expected," said the butler, who was an old servant, and shared in the joys of the family. Colin went to his room without a word; shut himself up there with feelings which he would not have explained to any one. He had not seen Harry Frankland since they were both boys; but he had never got over the youthful sense of rivalry and opposition which had sent him skimming over the waters of the Holy Loch to save the boy who was his born rival and antagonist. Was this the day of their encounter and conflict which had come at last?

THE COAL STRATA AND INTERNAL HEAT OF THE EARTH.—Mr. McClean, the new president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in his address, says on this subject: "We may consider our coal mines to be practically inexhaustible, and that we have not to fear any deficiency in quantity arising from the exhaustion of the mineral, but rather the practical difficulty of obtaining it from a great depth below the surface, in consequence of the central heat of our globe, which, it is alleged, will ultimately, and within a defined and not distant period, reduce the production to a limited supply. Much may be said in support of the theory of central heat, but I think undue importance has been given to it, as a difficulty in mining operations. A comparatively thin coating of clay, or fire-bricks, surrounding a blast furnace filled with molten iron, affords such protection that the hand may be placed without inconvenience on the outer surface of the brick-work; and it is difficult to understand how any

internal heat can penetrate through the crust of the earth—estimated to be thirty-four miles in thickness—so as to interfere with the temperature at the comparatively small depth from the surface at which mining operations are carried on. I am of opinion that the heat, which undoubtedly exists in some mines, arises, not from central heat, but from superincumbent pressure, and defective ventilation. The gases in the coal are highly compressed, and, when liberated by mining operations, are at a high temperature; but we know that with large shafts air may be conveyed to any depth that has yet been reached in mining operations, without, in the slightest degree, altering its temperature. I therefore think that the time when we shall experience a want of coal, arising from exhaustion, or from difficulties occasioned by the depth of the mines, or an excess of temperature, need not at present in any way influence our conduct in the development and use of that important mineral.—*Builder.*